

ÉDITION DE LUXE

No. 949

FEBRUARY 4, 1888

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AN
ILLUSTRATED
WEEKLY
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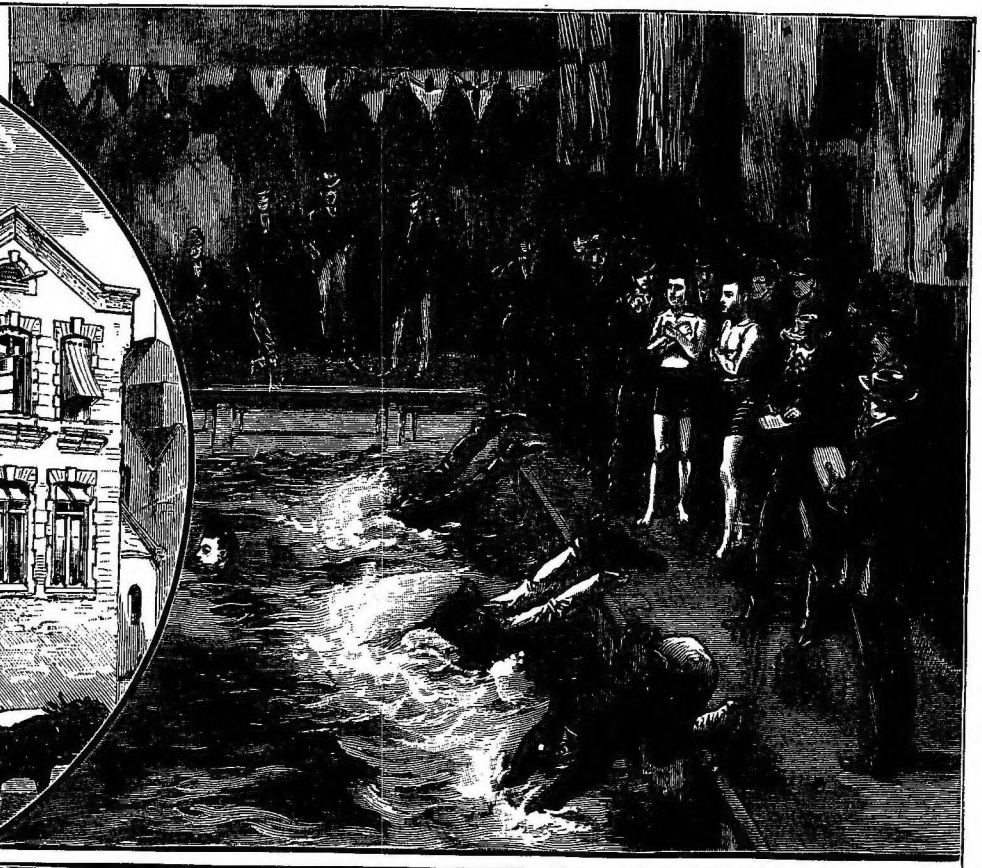
SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 4, 1888

WITH EXTRA
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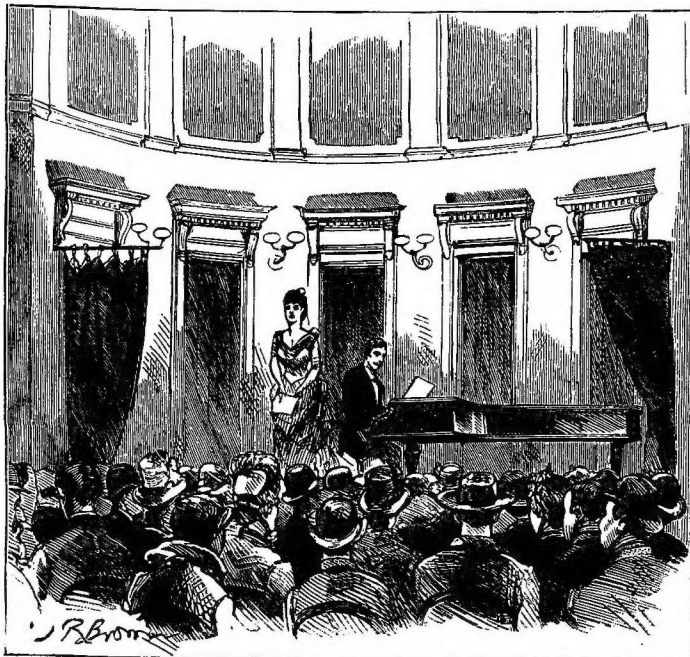
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OXFORD HOUSE

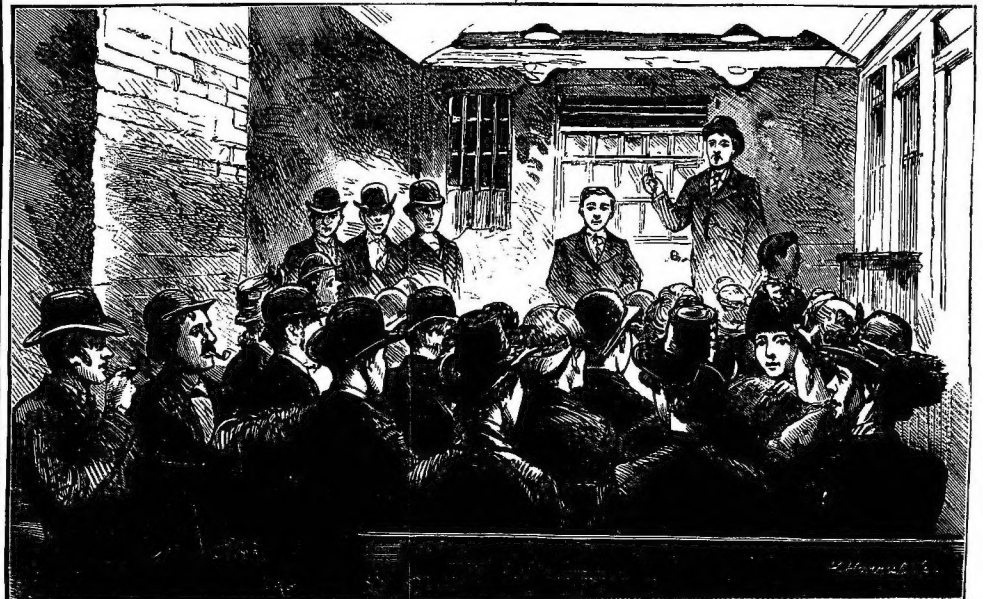
A SWIMMING RACE IN CLOTHES



A SUNDAY AFTERNOON LECTURE IN VICTORIA PARK



A CONCERT IN SHOREDITCH TOWN HALL



A SING-SONG IN A WORKING MEN'S CLUB

UNIVERSITY MISSIONS AT THE EAST END—OXFORD HOUSE, BETHNAL GREEN

Topics of the Week

THE RIPON-MORLEY DEMONSTRATION.—Elaborate lists of figures were not needed to show that the representatives of property and education who were prepared to join in the welcome to Lord Ripon and Mr. Morley would be far fewer in numbers than was the case when Lord Hartington and Mr. Goschen visited Dublin. Everybody knows that outside a portion of the Province of Ulster the classes are on one side, and the masses on the other, as regards the Home Rule problem. It may be quite true that a large proportion of the masses are terrorised into acquiescence with Separatist doctrines, but as they show little or no willingness to extricate themselves from this terrorism, they must practically be reckoned as voluntary supporters of the National League. As regards the two apostles of this political mission, they are men who, though now united for a common purpose, have previously walked in very different paths. Mr. Morley has always been a Radical, and he has nothing to recant about Irish policy, which is more than can be said of his Gladstonian allies. He is, moreover, a Radical of the French Jacobinical type; he looks coldly on the practical British Radicalism of which Mr. Bright is the most brilliant exponent. He, therefore, will regard without misgiving the audacious programme put forth last Sunday by Mr. Davitt. Mr. Davitt possesses the merit of seeing further ahead than most of his co-workers; and also of saying plainly what he thinks. He boldly announces that this contest does not concern Irishmen only, but that, although the Celtic race are showing the way, the real struggle extends to each of the three kingdoms, the aristocracy of which have combined to rob the workers of their rights. Here speaks Jacobinism pure and simple, and when Lord Ripon remembers how the Church of which he is a devoted son fared at the hands of the French Jacobins in 1793, he may in his heart feel appalled at the warmth of his Irish reception. One thing seems certain. No form of Home Rule which would leave to the Imperial Government any effectual control over Ireland would really satisfy such men as Mr. Davitt; and in revolutions it is usually the Extremists who win.

M. TISZA'S SPEECH.—Upon the whole, M. Tisza's speech, to which all Europe looked forward with interest, may be said to have had a re-assuring effect. It was obvious enough, indeed, that, although scrupulously polite in his references to Russia, he regarded the recent action of the Russian military authorities as suspicious and alarming. On the other hand, he was at great pains to show that Austria is not likely to be taken at a disadvantage, and that her allies are perfectly trustworthy. If this is believed at St. Petersburg, it is incredible that we are within measurable distance of war. Russia might hope to get the better of Austria alone, but even her fire-eating patriots cannot be so foolish as to suppose that she would have any chance of triumphing over the combined forces of Austria, Germany, and Italy. The Czar may be of opinion that the alliance of these three Powers is not indissoluble, but there is nothing to indicate that M. Tisza's statements on the subject were extravagant. Prince Bismarck is adding enormously to the military strength of his country, and he is certainly not taking this step in order to be in a position to support Russia. The annihilation, or even the serious crippling, of Austria as a Great Power would make it hard for the German Empire to maintain its independence. If, therefore, Austria were in danger, Germany would have no alternative but to go to her aid; and this fact is so well understood at Vienna that the Emperor Francis Joseph and his advisers are never for a moment disturbed by the occasional petulance of the Berlin Press. The policy of Italy is almost necessarily the same as that of Germany, for Russia, by the conquest of Austria, would become the mistress of Constantinople, and that would enable her to menace Italian interests in the Mediterranean. All this is so plain that it can hardly be overlooked by Russian statesmen, and it affords, perhaps, a more solid guarantee of peace than any number of formal treaties.

INDIA'S FINANCIAL CONDITION.—Lord Dufferin has no sooner surmounted Afghan and Burmese vexations than a greater than either confronts him at home. Owing to a multiplicity of causes, the chief of which are abnormal military expenditure, diminution of railway receipts, continued depreciation of the rupee, and smaller profit on opium—the Budget estimates are clean upset, and the Government finds itself compelled to resort to fresh taxation to restore the equilibrium. A duty on imported petroleum now follows the increase of the salt duty, both of these fiscal changes being of a character to wring the withers of the "masses," while leaving the "classes" practically untouched. Petroleum, like salt, has come into almost universal use, on account of its cheapness, among the Indian working classes and petty traders. True, the new duty will not make much difference in the market price, being only 5 per cent. *ad valorem*, or an addition of one twentieth to the previous value. But of the Indian peasant it may be truly said in connection with taxation, that "every mickle makes a muckle." He has to pinch hard all his life long to keep body and soul

together, and in his marketing he takes close count, not of silver bits or copper coins, as a hard-up British workman might do, but of shells representing small fractions of farthings. To a poor struggling creature like this, it is a matter of extreme moment to have the cost of his only condiment increased by 25 per cent., and that of his favourite light by 5 per cent. Say that these two imposts only make a difference of a couple of shillings to him in the course of the year, that small loss is equivalent, in many cases, to the absorption of a week's wages. Is there really no way of tapping the hoards of the wealthy classes in India? The income tax has proved more or less of a failure, the bulk of the receipts coming from officials and other unfortunates, whose incomes are known. A house tax, graduated according to size, might possibly serve the purpose; or a heavy duty *ad valorem* on wives, rising in proportion to the number beyond a single spouse, would bring in a considerable sum. In an evil hour, the import duty on cotton goods was abolished to conciliate Lancashire, although its pressure was absolutely inappreciable.

PROCEDURE IN THE HOUSE OF COMMONS.—In spite of Mr. Parnell's cynical advice to refrain from Obstruction, because the Unionist party will split up all the sooner if freely allowed to discuss sundry legislative projects, it is evident that Ministers expect a stormy and troublesome Session, or they would not put the reform of Procedure in the forefront of their programme. Mr. W. H. Smith very discreetly does not go into details beforehand, but he promises more summary methods of putting down wilful Obstruction than now exist; and adds:—"We shall ask the House further to conduct its business in reasonable hours, and to end it after reasonable discussion." These propositions sound moderate enough, but they may possibly lead to prolonged and acrimonious debates. Quite apart from politics, moreover, it is no easy matter to get an assemblage like the House of Commons to effect a root-and-branch reform of its own method of conducting business. Besides the General Elections, which must occur at intervals of seven years or less, natural causes produce a constant succession of changes. Deaths and withdrawals cause a perpetual series of gaps, which are as perpetually being filled up. The result is that the House of Commons, like a school, is a body whose elements are in a constant condition of flux, and, as in a school, the reverence for tradition is remarkably great. "The old fellows did so and so, therefore we ought to do the same." Then the social condition of the House must be considered. If it consisted of a body of philosophers, who had nothing else to do but to discuss politics and make laws, it might perform all its business comfortably between the hours of ten and four. Such a blessed consummation as this is, however, practically impossible. During what is usually known as the working period of the day, nearly every honourable member is immersed in other pursuits, so that (independent of Committee work, and the official duties of Ministers) he does not begin to serve his country with his tongue and his vote until most other people are ending the toils of the day. Nevertheless, if the House chooses, it can effect several reforms by which much time will be saved, and unless this is done, and done speedily, it will sink lower and lower in public estimation.

SOCIALISM AND THE GERMAN PARLIAMENT.—The Anti-Socialist Bill has been referred by the German Parliament to a Select Committee, and this means that in its present form it will not become law. The Reichstag is willing to prolong the existing Anti-Socialist law for another period of two years, but it declines for the present to add to the powers of the Government. This decision, so far as foreign observers are entitled to form an opinion on the subject, seems to be justified by the facts of the situation. Herr von Puttkammer, who presented the case for the Government, had much to say about the power of secret Socialist organisations; but he did not conceal his belief that the movement has lately become less rather than more dangerous than it was some years ago. He stated, too, that in rural districts Socialism had made no progress whatever. If this is true—and there is no reason to doubt that it is so—it is difficult to understand why increased authority should have been demanded. A law which has already done so much for the maintenance of order may be expected to do more, if it is applied patiently and steadily. Herr von Puttkammer scoffed at the idea that if Socialists were expelled from the Empire they would have any difficulty in making a living in other lands. Everywhere, however, the labour market is overcrowded, and there can be no doubt that in a multitude of cases banishment would mean starvation. In the last resort a State would have a perfect right to adopt even this method of providing for its own safety, but such violent measures can be legitimately put in force only when all others have failed. It is surprising that Prince Bismarck did not foresee that this view would inevitably be taken by the majority of the national representatives.

ARMY EXPENDITURE.—It is a discomfiting prospect that Sir John Adye places before the British taxpayer. This distinguished commander predicts that our military expenditure "is not likely to reach a normal condition for some time to come." What is "a normal condition" in the case of the British army? So far as the history of the service since the

Crimean War affords a reply, it would seem to be a tendency to continuous increase. Necessarily so; arms, armaments, ammunition, and all the appliances of fighting become dearer as they reach nearer to perfection, while our system of filling the ranks is vastly more costly than in former times. Take the commissioned grades alone, *par exemple*. General Adye lays stress, with abundant reason, on the growth of the non-effective charges. Why do these increase? Simply because the abolition of purchase necessitated the provision of fresh instrumentality to accelerate promotion. We accordingly have a terribly costly pension-system in place of one which, with all its defects, worked cheaply, and with moderate efficiency. Whether it was a wise policy to make the change need not be now inquired; we have done so, and must, therefore, bear the consequences. General Adye considers that the burden might be in some measure lightened by reducing the number of junior officers in each regiment and increasing the seniors. That would, no doubt, accelerate promotion to a sensible extent, and so check the present inflation of the Pension List. But what would be the opinion of commanding officers on this radical change? On foreign stations the number of junior officers with the colours is rarely more than sufficient to perform the routine of regimental duty. Indeed, it has been whispered before now that the surplus, if any, should be looked for among the seniors. To argue that, because foreign armies have fewer officers, and yet maintain their soldierly efficiency, ours must be over-officered, is a comparison of things which have little or nothing in common. It is mainly by reason of our having garrisons scattered all over the world, often in deadly climates, that we are compelled to give every regiment a surplus in its commissioned grades as a reserve against unforeseen contingencies. Sir John Adye's scheme would not answer, it is to be feared: the remedy might prove even worse than the disease.

FOND OF OUR WORK.—Mr. Goschen's admirable homily at Aberdeen deserves to be taken to heart by a good many people. Most of us are too apt to regard the work by which we earn our living as drudgery of which we long to be rid. One reason, he thinks, why German clerks are wont to be preferred to English clerks is that the former take a more intellectual view of their labour, and consequently bring more interest to bear on it. He hints that the excessive athletic tendencies of young Englishmen of the middle class exercise a disturbing influence as regards their employment. No doubt there is some truth in this. On a lovely summer's day the imagination of the youthful clerk is more inclined to dwell on the anticipated cricket or boating of the evening hours than on theories of exchange or discount. But the same effect may be equally produced by expected pleasures of a far more reprehensible character. The modern passion for athletic sports is, in the main, eminently wholesome, and, now that towns are so big, and indoor unmuscular employments the rule, it would be a thousand pities if these methods of relaxation were to sink into disrepute. As far as the middle classes are concerned, it is very doubtful whether the leisure hours of the Continental young man are more wholesomely spent than those of the British young man. To return, however, to the question of interest in our work. Here Mr. Goschen reproves us justly. But we venture to think that the kind of interest which he commends is due less to intellect than to conscientiousness. When we call to mind the quarryman whose business it was to cut cubes of chalk out of a pit, and who felt keen delight in every cube he produced; or the Scotch mason whom Hugh Miller described as "putting his conscience into every stone he wrought;" or, to take the opposite side, the day-labourers who, having with vast pains raised a stone to a certain height, coolly let it fall again when the dinner-bell rang; we perceive that interest in one's work really arises from a strong sense of moral obligation. The whole matter is best summed up in the words: "Not slothful in business, fervent in spirit, serving the Lord."

LORD CHARLES BERESFORD.—The first impression of most people with regard to the retirement of Lord Charles Beresford from the Government was that he had acted somewhat rashly. It seemed hardly worth while to make so much fuss about a mere question of a diminution of salaries. The more the matter has been thought of, however, the more his conduct has been appreciated. In the first place, all impartial naval authorities are agreed that the Intelligence Department, which was established in consequence of his representations, may become one of vast importance; and it is certainly inexpedient that anything should be done to lower its legitimate claims to attention and respect. Again, if, as Lord Charles Beresford asserts, the officers appointed had no real reason to suppose that their salaries would be cut down, it was right that he should publicly protest against the injustice done to them. Lord George Hamilton contends that the appointments were made with the express proviso that the original rate of pay might not be maintained; and, acting upon this assumption, he decided that the demands of the Treasury should be complied with. That Lord George Hamilton, as First Lord of the Admiralty, had a right to do this is not disputed. The curious fact is that he had also a right to do it in the name of the Board, as if all the Lords of the Admiralty agreed with him. It is the existence of this latter right that has excited Lord Charles Beresford's indigna-

tion, and that makes his resignation important. The First Lord ought certainly to have large powers; but, equally certainly, he ought to have corresponding responsibility. It should not be possible for him to act in opposition to the wishes of his advisers, and yet seem to be backed by their authority. In the present instance the working of the system may have done no permanent harm; but it would be easy to conceive circumstances in which it might lead to disastrous results, and Lord Charles Beresford deserves the thanks of the nation for doing everything in his power to secure the establishment of sounder methods.

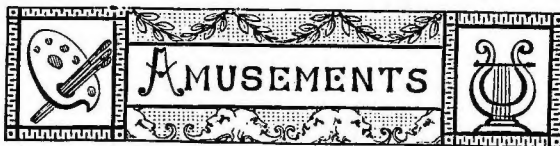
THE RESPITE OF BOWLES.—Another legal perplexity for the lay mind. Why has the Home Secretary commuted the death penalty in the case of Bowles, the Camberley murderer, for penal servitude for life? This man was found guilty of wilful murder by a jury of his peers, and the only punishment appointed for that crime is death, the sentence passed by the judge. But an official who had nothing to do with the trial now steps in, and awards a penalty not prescribed by the law for wilful murder. Of course, Mr. Matthews has kept well within the bounds of legality; no one will doubt that. But to the public it certainly seems that Bowles should either have been handed over to the hangman or set at liberty by the Royal prerogative. He must be either a deliberate, cold-blooded murderer, or entirely innocent; the evidence given at the trial presented no other alternatives than these. Perhaps some may say that it was not quite conclusive—that an element of doubt existed in the case, of which the prisoner was entitled to have the benefit. Granted, the evidence bore strongly against the accused, but it was just possible that the deceased woman took her own life. This, however, is purely a side issue; the jury decided that the man was guilty of the crime laid to his charge, and thus virtually pronounced that the element of doubt was too slight to weigh against the incriminating evidence. It is a very serious question, therefore, whether the Home Secretary should have gone behind the record, and taken upon himself to declare that, although Bowles might possibly be innocent of wilful murder, he had nevertheless committed a crime deserving penal servitude for life. What crime? When was he tried for it? Where is the evidence? But questions are futile; the whole matter is a profound enigma into which the lay mind cannot penetrate without becoming befogged. To its way of thinking, only one issue was before Mr. Matthews; is this man Bowles a murderer, or is there sufficient doubt in the case to justify a legal presumption of innocence? In the latter case, a free pardon would have been every way preferable to the illogical commutation of sentence.

PAWNBROKERS AND THEIR CUSTOMERS.—Pawnbroking, no doubt, is on the whole a lucrative avocation; but it is necessarily hedged round with sundry legal restraints, chiefly for the purpose of throwing difficulties in the way of persons desiring to pledge property of which they have become possessed unlawfully. An interesting case occurred the other day, showing that the profession of "my uncle" is not all "beer and skittles," but that he has to beware of numerous pitfalls. A man offered a diamond pin in pledge to a pawnbroker. The pawnbroker, believing the pin to be one which the police had warned him was stolen, gave the man into custody. The pin proved to be not the stolen one, though very like it; the would-be pawn was shown to be a man of good character; and so, in an action which he brought in the local County Court, he obtained a verdict against the pawnbroker for 25*l.* damages. This verdict has just been reversed by the High Court of Justice, partly on the ground that the pawn is bound to give a satisfactory account of any article he endeavours to pledge, and that in giving him into custody the pawnbroker does not necessarily brand him as a thief, and partly because it was for the Judge, and not for the Jury to decide whether the pawnbroker in this case had reasonable ground for acting as he did. This decision seems to be based on justice and common sense; for if the law were otherwise interpreted, a pawnbroker would rarely venture to give any suspected pledger into custody, and, consequently, great facilities would be afforded for the disposal of stolen property. The general security of the public is certainly of more importance than the occasional detention of a person who, if unjustly accused, can scarcely fail very speedily to clear himself.

A TEACHING UNIVERSITY FOR LONDON.—The influential association formed some time ago for the purpose of preparing the way for the establishment of a Teaching University in London has embodied its ideas in an elaborate petition to the Crown. Few impartial persons who read this document will doubt that the association has made out its case. No one disputes that the existing University of London has in its own way done good service; but it does not suffice, or nearly suffice, for the intellectual needs of the capital. In some respects it even does positive harm. It compels professors at University College, King's College, and other institutions to regulate their courses of instruction, not solely with a view to the real good of their students, but partly—or mainly—with a view to examinations. Moreover, it prevents the teaching power of London from being properly organised; so that there is much waste of energy, half-a-dozen professors being sometimes employed in doing

work which might be more efficiently done by one. These evils can be remedied only by the establishment of a University which shall have the right to determine its own curriculum, and to arrange its examinations in the manner that may seem to it to be most suitable. The existing University would still be of use to persons who might be unable to attend regular courses of lectures, but probably it would become an imperial rather than a local institution. Local wants would be provided for by the new University. London as a centre for the highest kind of education has advantages which are unrivalled in any city in the world, and if, as has been suggested, a Royal Commission were appointed to investigate the subject, it would probably have no great difficulty in presenting the outlines of a practicable and thoroughly satisfactory scheme.

THE MANSION HOUSE RELIEF FUND.—A few years ago, any philanthropic appeal bearing the *imprimatur* of the Mansion House was sure to be most liberally responded to. Can it be, then, that the wellsprings of charity have dried up among wealthy landowners? Can it be true that selfishness has replaced generosity, and that good Samaritanism has gone out of fashion? These queries come naturally to the lips on reading Lord Meath's statement, that out of the 20,000*l.* lately asked for by the Lord Mayor for the relief of distress through the admirable agency of the Metropolitan Public Gardens' Association, less than one quarter has been subscribed. It is a beggarly response; there is not a provincial city of any magnitude which would not have given more under the same urgent solicitation. Nor, in this instance, can public parsimony be extenuated on the supposition that the wealthy feared their money would be wasted on the idle and the dissolute. That happened, it is true, on the previous occasion, but the scheme of relief drawn up by Lord Meath's Association eliminated every risk of a recurrence of that scandal. It strictly covenanted that those employed should work eight hours a day at 4*d.* an hour, while the number who at once applied showed pretty conclusively that there are in our midst many deserving poor, who will work hard for a bare pittance, if given the chance. The Association can do no more, however, unless additional subscriptions at once replenish the fund at the Mansion House. The amount remaining in hand is strictly reserved for wages, and as the Association has to spend 2*l.* on materials for every 1*l.* spent on labour, the balance, small as it is, will not be available for distribution until money is forthcoming for the purchase of the said materials. Unless this be subscribed, and without delay, Lord Meath will have not only to turn a deaf ear to the hundreds of needy applicants who present themselves daily, but must also discharge the one hundred and fifty men he has contrived to keep employed through the winter.



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Will also be held at the HOTEL METROPOLE early in MAY next, of which particulars will be duly announced later on.
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NEWTON H. NIXON, Secretary.

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190, STRAND, LONDON.

TO LITERARY CONTRIBUTORS.—In order to save trouble and disappointment the Editor begs to state that he has already on hand an ample supply of both LONG and SHORT STORIES for a considerable time to come.

NOTICE.—With this Number is issued an EXTRA FOUR-PAGE SUPPLEMENT, entitled "CHELSEA HOSPITAL ILLUSTRATED," I.

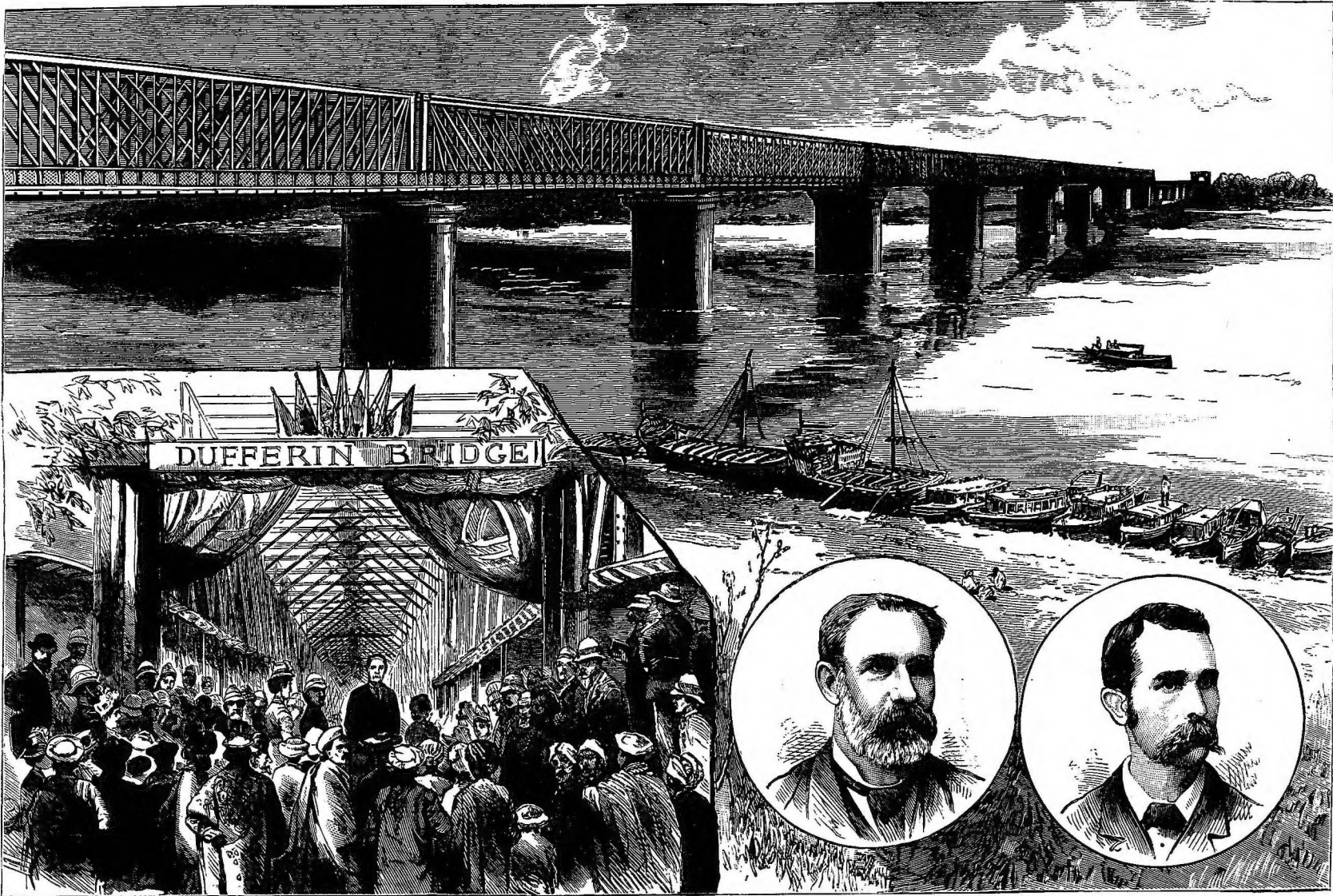


OXFORD HOUSE IN BETHNAL GREEN

THREE years ago a new idea was started at Oxford, which took effect in the establishment of two University settlements in the East End. The Oxford House is in many ways similar to the larger institution at Toynbee Hall. It forms a convenient centre in the midst of one of the dreariest parts of East London, where University men and others can live, and get to know the working men and women in a way almost unique in interest and usefulness. The gentlemen who live there devote their time to brightening the lives, and in any way they can, improving the condition of those who inhabit the district. Every kind of work goes on there, as our illustrations show. At the top we see a picture of the House itself—an old National School, which has been furnished and made habitable for four or five residents. One part of the House is devoted to a Working Men's Club: clubs are the principal work of the Oxford House. They have formed a federation of them, which extends all over London. Competitions are organised from time to time among the members of the clubs; the "Swimming Race in Clothes," of which we give an illustration, is an instance. But much of the effort of Oxford House is directed towards meeting the religious difficulties of working men. All through the winter lectures are delivered on Sunday afternoons indoors. A large hall for this purpose is to be opened by the Archbishop of Canterbury on February 18th. But in the summer the lectures are given under a tree in Victoria Park. Our illustration represents a lecture given on a lovely June day last summer on "Christianity and Social Reform." Discussion is allowed after the lectures, and often a hot debate ensues.

Music is, perhaps, the most popular form of recreation in the East End, and Oxford House has always plenty to give. Concerts are frequently provided, the one illustrated in our sketch having been given not long ago in Shoreditch Town Hall, presided over by the Marquis of Lorne, and listened to by some two thousand people. But there is plenty of real talent among the working people themselves, and every Saturday night there is an opportunity afforded them for displaying it at the "sing-song" in the clubs.

Oxford House will well repay a visit, and workers are always welcomed by the Rev. H. H. Henson, who has just succeeded the Hon. James Adderley as Head of the House.

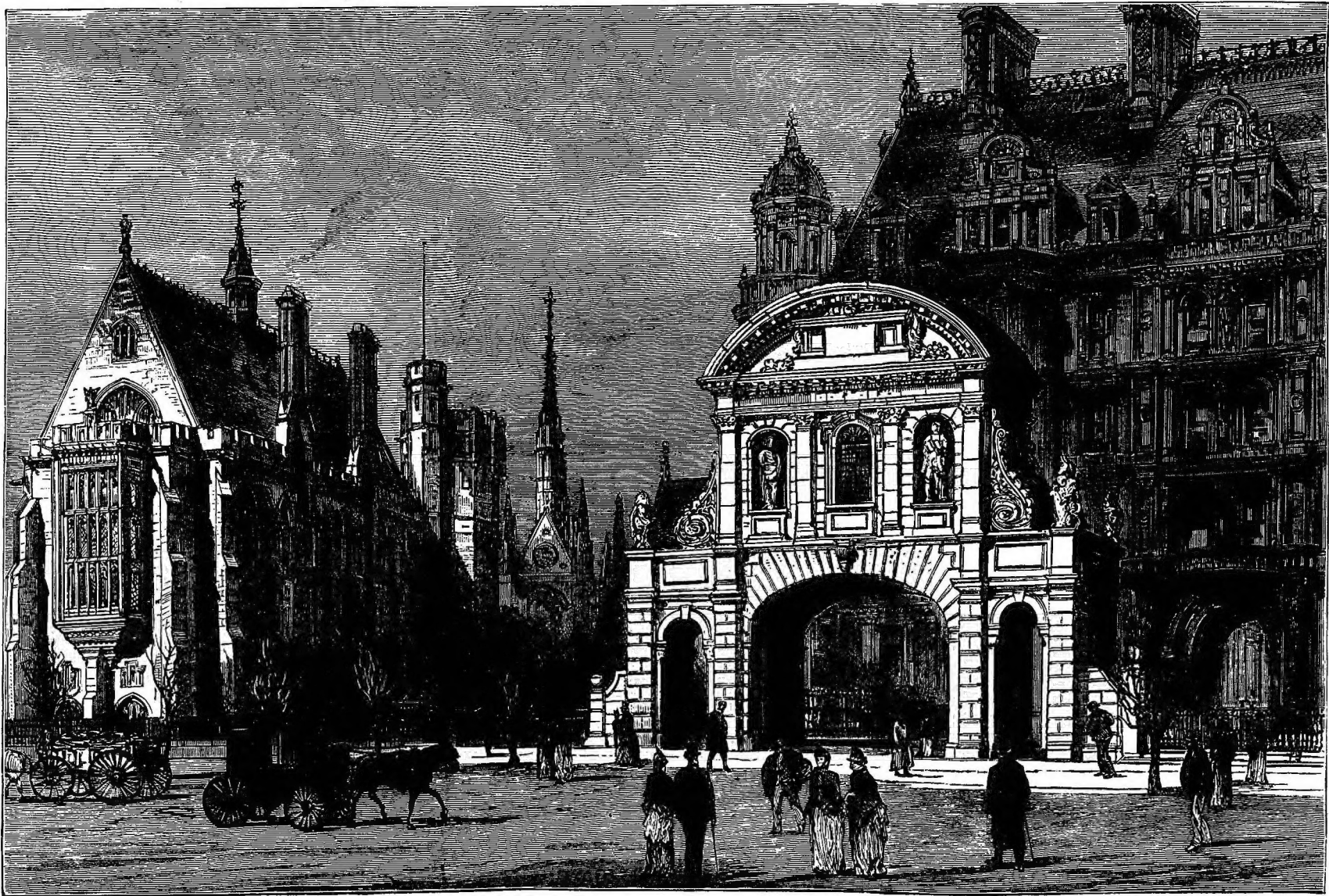


THE OPENING CEREMONY

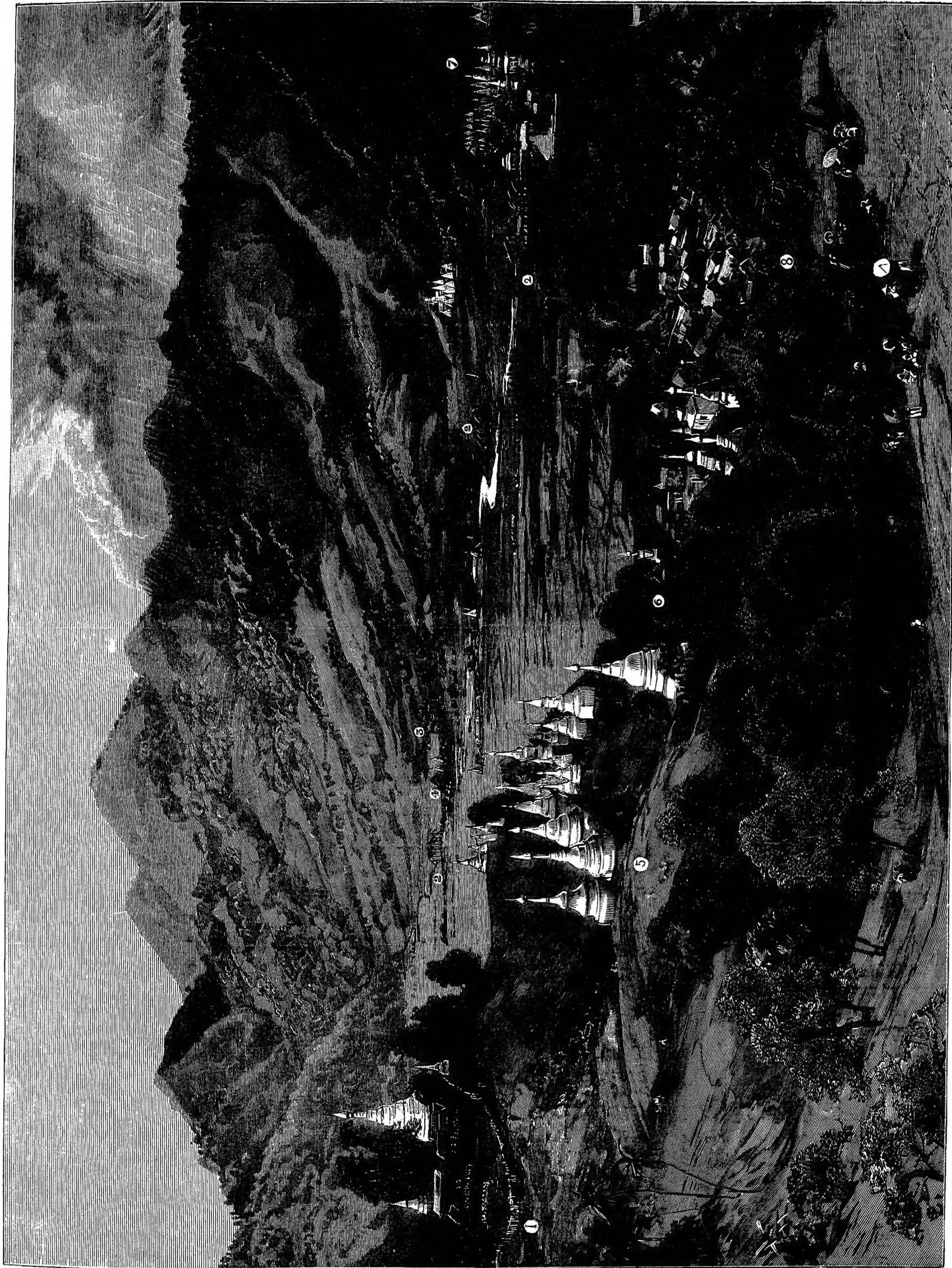
MR. K. B. HEDERSTEDT
Chief Engineer

MR. F. T. G. WALTON
Executive Engineer

THE DUFFERIN RAILWAY BRIDGE OVER THE GANGES, BENARES, INDIA
RECENTLY OPENED BY HIS EXCELLENCY THE VICEROY



THE PROPER PLACE FOR TEMPLE BAR
THE THAMES EMBANKMENT ENTRANCE TO THE TEMPLE



1. The Military Police Stockade, garrisoned by 100 Rank and File, which is the standing garrison of Mogoke. This Stockade was erected by the 43rd Gorkhas when the Mines were first worked. (Lôn=Dwin=a wall). These mines are usually about twenty or thirty feet deep. They are of course rapidly filled with water at night, consequently the work of drawing out the water is a laborious task, and it is done by means of lowering a bucket attached to a bamboo weighted at the other end.

3. Mines at Work.—These are known as Hmaw-Dwins (a cutting).

4. Buddhist Monastery

5. Pagodas erected during the lifetime of wealthy miners who have passed away, in order to perpetuate their memory. Some of these are entirely covered with gold leaf, and glisten brilliantly in the sun.

6. Some of the best stones are found in these mines, which are merely cuttings in the side of the hill. The water used for drawing out the stones is some five miles, in small drains along the sides of the hills from the higher plateau.

7. The Mogoke Village, inhabited by the Chinese Merchants

8. The Town of Mogoke

THE RUBY MINES, VALLEY OF MOGOK, UPPER BURMA

THE NEW DUFFERIN BRIDGE, BENARES

DURING his recent tour of inspection in the North-West of India, Lord Dufferin visited Benares, and opened the Oudh and Rohilcund Railway Company's new great bridge over the Ganges, which had just been completed. The ceremony was conducted with all due forms, and was attended by Sir Auckland Colvin, the Governor of the N.-W. Provinces, the Maharajah of Benares, and a large gathering of the European residents and native magnates. Out of compliment to the Viceroy, the structure was named the Dufferin Bridge. Owing to a shifting sand-bed and the deep and rapid stream, formidable difficulties were encountered in constructing the bridge. The Ganges at this point is over 3,000 feet wide, and the total length of the bridge is 3,568 feet. The main stream is crossed by seven spans of iron girders of 356 feet, each supported on brick piers. Less than half of the brickwork of these great piers is, however, visible, no less than 120 feet of the masonry being below water, and 82 feet representing foundations carried into the sandy bed of the river, which here, in the rainy season, has a depth of 92 feet, with a velocity of 20 feet per second. The total cost of the bridge, not including the approaches, was 60,76,207 rupees. The designs and the work executed in India have throughout been under the direction of Mr. H. B. Hederstedt, the chief engineer of the Oudh and Rohilcund Railway, while the execution of the work at Benares has, since October, 1881, been under the charge of Mr. F. T. G. Walton, the resident engineer, and who, in return for his services, was created by Her Majesty a Commander of the Indian Empire. At the luncheon after the opening Lord Dufferin spoke of the work as a triumph of engineering, and then expressed his pleasure that "the great and arduous engineering task of bridging the Ganges at what is, perhaps, the most interesting as well as the most difficult part in all its course has been executed under the immediate superintendence of Mr. Walton, whose father is one of the dearest and kindest friends I ever had, having been the instructor of my earliest youth (I may mention in passing in accordance with the principles recommended by King Solomon), and who, I am happy to think, is still alive to witness and rejoice in the success and triumph of his accomplished son."—Our engravings of the bridge are from photographs by Lawrie and Co., Lucknow; the portraits of Messrs. Hederstedt and Walton are from photographs by Fry and Baker, Lucknow.

THE PROPER PLACE FOR TEMPLE BAR

It must have surprised those interested in our City Memorials to have heard, a few weeks back, that Temple Bar is to be reconstructed at Theobalds. However picturesque and interesting the country in the neighbourhood of Cheshunt may be, one cannot but regret that a structure so closely associated with the City, and one which is such a landmark in the history of London, should be allowed to pass out of the possession of our civic authorities to be reconstructed as an ornament in the drive to a private residence, especially after the promise, which has been frequently repeated, that it should be rebuilt somewhere in the metropolis.

Unfortunately we have of late years seen so many interesting buildings "removed" under a promise of reconstruction, and we have been told so frequently that "their stones have been numbered," and that "a site has already been determined upon for their rebuilding," that we have long ceased to believe in the fiction, for, somehow or other, the reconstruction never takes place. We were told, for instance, some years back that the beautiful Early English (13th century) crypt of Gerard's Hall was to be re-erected; that Wren's Church of St. Dionis Backchurch was to be rebuilt at Kensington; that the beautiful spire of St. Antholin's was to be carefully removed to another site; and last that the magnificent Colonnade of Burlington House was most carefully preserved for reconstruction, and was under the distinguished care of the Government itself. Now, what has become of all these interesting buildings? Where are the exquisite columns and vaultings of Gerard's Hall? Where are the finely carved festoons and friezes of St. Dionis Backchurch? Where is the spire of St. Antholin's, which was carefully preserved by the Board of Works, who positively arranged their new streets so as to save it? Perhaps the Ecclesiastical Commissioners can answer these questions. Lastly, where is Lord Burlington's beautiful Colonnade, so highly praised by Horace Walpole? Where indeed? Why, its sculptured stones are flung about over a piece of waste-ground adjoining Battersea Park, apparently for the express purpose of being danced upon by the "hobnail-booted" blackguards of Transpentine London, who may be seen any day enjoying this civilised pastime, so considerably provided for them by a Government devoted to the protection of works of art!!

So that after all, perhaps, Temple Bar has, by being handed over to Sir Henry Meux, escaped annihilation or destruction by neglect and culpable carelessness.

No one can, however, doubt that the proper place for the reconstruction of Temple Bar was somewhere in the neighbourhood of the Temple, and the entrance from the Thames Embankment seems at once to suggest itself as a most appropriate site. Here it would have grouped well with Mr. Barry's new buildings, to which it would have provided a far more dignified approach than the present iron gates and diminutive lodge. It would have preserved the general idea of enclosure, which is a characteristic of the place; it would not have been too far removed from its original position to lose those associations with which it is so closely connected; and it would have still retained its old historical name, "Temple Bar."

H. W. B.

THE VALLEY OF MOGOK—RUBY MINES DISTRICT, UPPER BURMAH

THIS engraving, which is from a sketch by an officer lately commanding the Military Police Battalion, represents the whole of the Valley of the Mogok, which is situated fifty-one miles from the east bank of the Irrawaddy, and roughly seventy-five miles North of Mandalay. The altitude of the town of Mogok is 4,200 feet.

Mogok is nothing more than a large village. The inhabitants are extremely wealthy, the wages for daily labour being one rupee (1s. 4d.) in English money.

The valley is about one-and-a-half miles long and three-quarters of a mile broad, the slopes penning it in being covered in the spring with a richly-coloured flora, consisting of rhododendrons, peach-blossom, wild raspberries, and briar-roses.

Owing to the vacillation displayed by the Home Government for a whole year this field, which is teeming with precious stones, lies practically untouched, for though local miners are working in the old and primitive style no income has been derived. When we say no income, the amount realised by the end of June was under 3,500 rupees, or scarcely 250l. The royalty placed upon the sale of rubies is thirty per cent., and, as the local government has not as yet taken any precautions to prevent smuggling, all the valuable stones are carried off by the local dealers, chiefly Panthays and Shans. A stone was lately sold in Mandalay for a sum of 8,000 rupees. This fact was unknown to the officers of the Government until long after the sale.

There are at work upwards of seventy-eight mines which produce nothing, whereas in King Theebaw's time the out-turn was the monopoly of the Crown.

NOTES IN CASHMERE

OUR illustrations are from sketches by Mr. F. Gilbert, Executive Engineer of the late Cashmere Railway Survey. To begin with the centre subjects, the sketch at Dulai represents the third rest-house

on the way to Srinagar from Pindi (Murree). At the time our artist arrived the Rajah's draught ponies for the use of travellers had not yet come in, and the only steed available was the *tat* shown. In spite, however, of its small size and ugliness it turned out very satisfactory, and reached the next stage rather perkier than when it started. Many of the ponies, however, that travellers have to put up with at this season are unequal to carry more than a feather-weight on some parts of the roads, where, as the adjacent sketch shows, the gradients are severe, and the surface of the road is worn away so that the animal has to pick his way down the boulders. The Vale of Cashmere is surrounded by high hills, which are covered with snow until June, or even later, and considerable difficulty would be experienced in traversing the passes to the more distant shooting grounds were it not for the log-huts provided for travellers—such as the one at Tragbal—ten miles from Bandipura. Two of our sketches represent some stiff climbs. In the one above Tragbal, the Cashmere coolies are shown with their packs, usually a load of 80 lb., on their backs, and the T-shaped sticks which they carry, and which serve to assist them in climbing, and to afford them a seat when they rest, as they do every twenty to thirty steps where the incline is severe. The other "climb" was between Tilail and Sunawar, where, owing to the heavy snow, the path was quite obliterated, and a new one had to be made in the soft snow by the united efforts of two men, alternately pushing each other through the snow. Eight hours were occupied in traversing the pass, as not more than ten or fifteen steps could be taken without a halt for breath. The narrow valleys also are subject to repeated blocks from large masses of snow falling into them from the slope above. These thaw a little under the noon-day sun, and freeze again at night. There are often hollow spaces between these hard snow-boulders, and in walking great care must be taken to avoid slipping between them, as may be seen in "Avalanched Snow." This part of the travelling is usually done in the morning, as, when the sun is up, there is danger from fresh slipping snow, or from the further settlement of that which has already fallen. At the end of a stage the first thing is to change one's grass shoes, which are used to give a firm foothold where boots would slip back, but which are by no means water-tight. If the coolies are behind, the traveller must keep his feet warm until they arrive with the dry things. The hut represented was almost entirely buried in snow, and was consequently free from draughts. These huts are used by the *dak* coolies, so that there is often a fire ready made when the traveller arrives. In the sketch of "After Ibex" may be seen the Cashmere alpenstock, which is made with a spud, and is very useful for cutting steps in the slippery grass slopes which have to be crossed from one spur to another. Here we should mention that the time for seeing large game, such as bears and ibex, feeding, is from early morning to nine or ten, and again from four P.M. Consequently nothing can be done between ten and four, and thus hours are spent, as in "Breakfast," on the top of a hill, where there is no danger from falling snow. Stalking a musk-deer in the deep snow, shown in another sketch, is not a sport to be recommended, but until the snow has melted sufficiently to allow the grass to sprout, there is not much choice between this and nothing. These deer go like the wind when frightened, even in the softest snow, but, curiously enough, are not frightened at the report of a gun, and will stand to be shot in a surprising manner. A mock Ibex Hunt is shown in the "naught" sketch, which is a local innovation on that Eastern entertainment. The "Ibex" had his pugaree twisted into imitation horns, and mimicked the snorting noise made by goats at anything strange, and indulged in several antics which were much appreciated by the audience; the music consisted of a tom-tom, with two players. Two of the sketches were taken on Lake Woolar. One shows a *doonga* or native boat, which are all built on the same pattern, flat-bottomed and low-sided, and although water in the district is the chief means of communication, these craft are by no means calculated for wind or waves. They are poled, paddled, or hauled, according to circumstances. The shores of the Woolar are exceedingly flat, being cultivated to the very edge of the water, so that a considerable area of cultivation is submerged every time a flood comes down the Jhelum. The field of oil-seeds depicted is just appearing above the water, and will bear all the richer crop for its submersion. With regard to the Cashmere village illustrated, we should state that in Tilail all the villagers' dwellings are log huts, generally three storeys high, and with half the upper storey open at the end, this portion being used as a loft to store grass. Goats and human beings seem to share like accommodation, and it is a very common occurrence to see a human face looking out of the very tiny windows on the ground floor, to be replaced after a moment by a goat's head.

THE CHUPPER RIFT, HURNAL, BELOOCHISTAN

We have already illustrated and described various scenes on the line which runs through the Bolan Pass to Quetta, and now engrave two views of the Chupper Rift in the Hurnal Pass, which, lying between Hurnal and Girkhar, presented one of the chief difficulties in making the railway. The Chupper Rift is a fissure in a mountain some two and a half miles long, through which a torrent flows between enormous boulders. Through this rift, which presents a steep gradient, the railway had to pass—a difficulty met by tunnelling and a high-level bridge, the rift being thus crossed and recrossed. The work was designed and carried out by General Brown.—Our sketches are by Mrs. A. Walker.

RESTORATION OF SOUTHWELL CATHEDRAL

A LONG history, partly traditional, connects the Cathedral Church of Southwell, of which we give an engraving, with very early periods of Christianity in this country. Paulinus, the founder of York and Lincoln, the friend and companion of St. Augustine, the great missionary of Northumbria under King Edwin, and the first Archbishop of York, is claimed, not without probability, as the founder of Southwell Church. This takes us back to somewhere about A.D. 630; but, of course, no part of the existing structure witnesses to the truth of that tradition. A church of importance existed here before the Conquest, and a collegiate body of canons was attached to it. With the exception, therefore, of a short break between A.D. 1873 and 1885, there has been a succession of Canons of Southwell and the existence of a Minster on the same spot during at least seven centuries. It is the glory of the Church of England to possess many institutions venerable with age, but it is not generally known that Southwell ranks among the earliest of these. The nave and transepts of Southwell Cathedral are of the Norman style of architecture, while the choir is of Early English. It possesses a Chapter House, the doorway of which is regarded as one of the most exquisite pieces of carving in the kingdom. The fabric is now in excellent repair, the Ecclesiastical Commissioners having expended upon it all that they considered themselves permitted to do. Alterations recently made in the choir include the renewal of the side screens, the fitting-up of new stalls in the place of modern pews, and the general re-flooring in a manner befitting the fabric, but the pulpits, the Bishop's throne, and other fittings still remain to be executed. The stalls and screens of the choir have been produced by Messrs. Cornish and Gaymer, of North Walsham, who have devoted considerable care and skill to the execution of the elaborate carving with which they are enriched. Mr. Ewan Christian is the architect. These repairs and alterations have been effected during the course of the time which has elapsed since 1851, and have therefore been very gradual.

In 1885 this ancient Minster was constituted the Cathedral of the newly-established Bishopric of Southwell, and on Thursday last, the choir having been refitted, was re-opened with much ceremony. His Grace the Archbishop of Canterbury, accompanied by the Bishops of Lichfield, Newcastle, and Salisbury, accepted the invitation of the Bishop of Southwell, and presented themselves in the Chapter House. Having robed, they proceeded together with the Choir, the Archdeacons, and Canons of the Cathedral through the aisles, singing the *Benedicite* and the Old Hundredth Psalm, till they arrived at the screen which separates the choir from the nave. On entering the choir, the Twenty-fourth Psalm was sung, and when they had taken the places assigned to them in the chancel, the special service of the day was begun. The first prayer was said by the Bishop of Southwell. This was followed by the *Te Deum* and the saying of another special prayer by the Archbishop of Canterbury, after which the procession of Choir, Canons, and Bishops returned to the nave; there the rest of the service was performed and a sermon preached by the Lord Bishop of Lichfield. It is needless to say that, with such an imposing ceremony and impressive service as an attraction, the sacred edifice was crowded at every point. The Duke of St. Albans (Lord Lieutenant), Earl Manvers, Lord Belper, and Mr. Huntsman (High Sheriff), were among those present. In the afternoon the sermon was preached by the Bishop of Salisbury.—Our engravings are from sketches and photographs sent by Mr. W. Livesay, Sudbury, Derby.

ADVENTURES OF A "ROGUE" ELEPHANT

BESIDES being the most intellectual, and in some respects the noblest of all four-footed creatures, the elephant is ordinarily a very social, gregarious, and good-humoured animal. But, on the principle of the well-known proverb, "Corruptio optimi pessima," when the elephant is bad he is very bad indeed. Every now and then, in countries like Ceylon, where elephants are numerous, there are found "rogue" elephants—that is, elephants who have become morose, and have deserted the herd. They stalk about in solitary state, committing meaningless assaults and depredations, and are equally dreaded by their own kinsfolk and by the biped public generally. Why an elephant should occasionally turn "rogue" is not clearly known. In some cases he may have been soured by domestic unhappiness—mated possibly with a female pachyderm who proves a very Xantippe; or he may have had pecuniary losses, recklessly putting his money into some plausible limited liability concern for exploiting cocoa-nut groves or paddy-fields, which does not turn up trumps; or, finally, he may be born so—a rogue from his mother's apron-strings. This seems to be the view taken by Mr. Raymond Godfrey, of Doomba, Kotali, Ceylon, to whom we are indebted for the sketches from which our engravings are made, and he assures us that the incidents depicted are all derived from authentic sources.

THE SNYDER DYNAMITE SHELL

THE merit of Mr. Snyder's invention does not consist in some peculiar formation of the cannon from which the shell is fired, but in the construction of the shell itself. Hitherto it has not been found practicable to employ the higher explosives in shells, owing to the great danger of the shell bursting before it leaves the gun. Mr. Snyder, who has been for many years engaged in the construction of locomotive controllable torpedoes, guided by electric appliances at the will of the operator, and his experiments in this field led him to see the necessity of a quicker and more positive way of using the more dangerous explosives. This result he believes he has attained with the projectile which was recently exhibited at the Dardanelles, in order to convince the Turkish Government that these shells may be charged with dynamite, gun-cotton, or any high explosive, and fired from an ordinary cannon, with the usual charge of powder, without danger to the persons engaged in the operation. The preliminary experiments were made with an ordinary breech-loading shot gun, fired from the shoulder. From this gun were fired balls containing one ounce of dynamite, a quantity sufficient, if exploded in a room, to kill all the persons in it. In the subsequent experiments, the gun used was an ordinary six-inch howitzer. The target was 14½ feet wide by 4½ feet high, and was made of twelve iron plates, one inch thick, welded together, and backed by a framework of twelve-inch square oak timbers, the whole structure weighing over twenty tons. This, as one of our engravings will show, was completely wrecked by a single shell from this small field-piece. The remaining shots were fired into the hill-side, where the ground was too soft to afford sufficient concussion to cause an explosion. As Mr. Snyder had not anticipated firing of this nature, he had provided no exploders. The experiments were regarded as highly satisfactory. We are indebted to Woods Pasha, of Constantinople, for the photographs from which our engravings are taken, and to the *Levant Herald* for the foregoing description.—Our portrait of Mr. Snyder is from a photograph by A. and C. Taylor, 155, Regent Street, W.

CHELSEA HOSPITAL ILLUSTRATED

See page 117 *et seqq.*

THE GREAT HALL—NEWS FROM BURMAH

A NEWSPAPER and a pipe of tobacco seem to be ever in requisition. The capacity of the Great Hall admits of these enjoyments by the fullest number, and it is not unusual to find 200 at one time. The blind and weak-sighted find good-natured comrades to read to them; and discussion of the latest news, particularly when operations in war are proceeding, is very general. Any slight failure or reverse is put to the account of those young soldiers.

"We knew it would be so; what could you expect from mere boys? You should have seen a regiment in line in our days; then there were men, and no mistake."

"But you must admit the bravery and coolness of these young soldiers in the onslaught on their squares in the Soudan."

"Well, yes; but look at the arms they have now, and remember what we had!"

"Do you not think Sir F. Roberts's march showed endurance you could never have surpassed?"

"It was well done, but still," &c., &c.

The four portraits in front include representations of our three nations. The philosophic pose of the Life-Guardsman, only eighty-four years of age, and the fine features point him out as a grand model for a painter, and no wonder that he has been so often in requisition for the purpose. We greatly regret to see the six-feet four hero in need of crutches, but the proud head must bend some time. The other two have much to tell about Canada, South Africa, the sufferings in the Crimea, and the heroism in the Indian Mutiny.

COMPETITION IN DAMP TOBACCO

A GAS-BURNER is always alight in the centre of the Hall, and the character-sketches depicted show that the tobacco is obstinately averse to the flame at times. It seems a mean source of profit to sell tobacco so very damp, but an old fellow to whom we spoke said he rather liked it so. It gave a better pull, and did not burn the mouth. Short pipes, too, seem to be the order of the day—they have such a knack of breaking short when one sits on them. The density of the cloud of smoke half obscures the large apartment, and is irritating to inexperienced organs of inspiration; but the old men are seasoned against such sensitiveness.

A STROLL IN THE GARDENS

THE seats in the Gardens on a fine morning, after breakfast, and after a short promenade, are the centres of groups where old-world

stories are rehearsed, and experiences compared. It would be interesting to overhear some of these conversations, and find out what these old warriors think of the times through which they have passed, and the present order of things, military and civil. We suspect the group sketched by the artist to be severe critics in many ways. The Mandarin bringing up the rear has a poetic look about his earnest gaze. It may be that he has written some rhymes in his time, and that he knows a good deal about a book to be found in the Pensioners' Library titled, "A Soldier's Experience; or, A Voice from the Ranks." The Sergeant in command no longer looks of weight for a Light Brigade; there is more of him now than when "he rode back again," with glory that shall never fade. May it be long before his shadow grows less.

"THE MYSTERY OF MIRBRIDGE"

A NEW STORY by James Payn, illustrated by George Du Maurier, is continued on page 121.

SATURDAY NIGHT AT ST. ALBAN'S HALL, HOLBORN

"THE Saturday Evening Free Entertainments for the People" were commenced last October, at St. Alban's Hall, Holborn, which was kindly lent for the purpose by the Vicar of St. Alban's. They were originated by Mr. F. W. Speaight, of the firm of W. Speaight and Sons, printers, 21 Fetter Lane, and his skilful management and hard work has succeeded in making them a great success. The series consisted of concerts, varied on two occasions by a conjuring and a nigger entertainment. The Hall, which seats about two hundred and fifty, has always been crowded, and sometimes the doors have had to be shut to prevent more people coming in. At the last entertainment of the Old Year, Mr. Speaight specially invited fifty inmates of the Holborn Workhouse. On this occasion he made a brief speech, in which he summed up the season's working, and stated that the collections made at each entertainment had been nearly sufficient to pay all expenses. He concluded by wishing the audience a happy and holy Christmas, and a prosperous New Year, an aspiration which was responded to by, "The same to you, Guv'nor." We leave Mr. Speaight to tell, in his own simple and unaffected words, how he came to establish this good work:—

"I really began to take an interest in mission work when I was seventeen years old, i.e., eighteen months ago, when I helped to start a night school in Hoxton Square, Shoreditch. After working there a few months, I felt that the work was too much for me, as it very often took twenty or thirty minutes to clear the room of the boys after the school, as they always would persist in turning the gas out, and then mobbing the teachers. Very often when we left the building we had the pleasure of being made the targets of mud and stones. The manner in which Leather Lane and the slums adjacent are crowded with people every night, and especially Saturdays, induced me to make inquiries whether there did not exist some place where they could meet together for two or three hours on a Saturday night, and be entertained in an amusing and instructive manner, free of charge, in order to counteract the influences of the public-houses, which are always crowded. Much to my astonishment I discovered that there did not exist any such place. I accordingly called on the Rev. R. A. J. Suckling, Vicar of St. Alban's, and laid before him my project, and at the same time asked him for the use of St. Alban's Hall for the Saturday evenings during the coming winter months. He readily consented to lend me the Hall without any charge beyond the expense of the gas and cleaning.

"The first entertainment was on October 1st, and every Saturday since the Hall has been crowded with an appreciative audience, many of the visitors being recognised as those who had previously spent their Saturday evenings in the neighbouring public-houses. The ladies and gentlemen who sing, or otherwise entertain the audience, all give their services gratis; but, unless I can procure some ladies and gentlemen outside my own circle of acquaintances before long, I am afraid I shall be compelled to pay the artists.

"The manner in which the old women who regularly come say 'God bless you!' whenever I visit their homes, amply repays me for any small trouble I take."



LORD SALISBURY received on Wednesday an influential and representative deputation of members of Lord Compton's Committee, which has been deliberating on the best means of relieving the unemployed. After being addressed by Lord Herschell, Earl Compton, Mr. Shipton, Cardinal Manning, and others, Lord Salisbury replied in a sympathetic tone, while pointing out the perplexing fact that almost every speaker had urged objections to one or other of the resolutions collectively agreed to at the recent Conference. The Premier spoke doubtfully of the result of a Government inquiry into the existing distress, and referred to Mr. Shipton's declaration that the working-classes are unfavourable to State-aided emigration as a formidable difficulty in the way of taking steps in that direction. He expressed still greater doubt as to the result of Cardinal Manning's benevolent proposal that the unemployed should be relieved by the establishment of what the Premier called "rate-supported workshops," and concluded by promising that the matters brought before him should receive the immediate and careful consideration of the Government.

POLITICAL ITEMS.—When Parliament reassembles on Thursday next, the 9th inst., the Earl of Crawford and Lord Armstrong in the Upper House will respectively move and second the Address in reply to the Speech from the Throne. In the Lower House the Address will be moved by Mr. J. L. Wharton, M.P. for the Ripon Division of the West Riding; and be seconded by Colonel Duncan, M.P. for the Holborn Division of Finsbury.—The First Lord of the Treasury, Mr. W. H. Smith, made a long and characteristically sensible speech at the opening of the new premises of the Chelsea Conservative Club, in the course of which he remarked that the Government had to a certain extent restored the reign of law and order in Ireland, and that they would not withhold their hand from the task until they had restored complete individual liberty to every Irish subject of the Queen.—Addressing a Conservative gathering at Sheffield, Mr. Ritchie, President of the Local Government Board, intimated that the Cabinet had been perfectly unanimous in framing the provisions of the new Local Government Bill, that they had every reason to believe that the Bill would prove absolutely acceptable to the Liberal Unionists, and that it would be introduced before the Easter holidays.—On Wednesday, Lord Spencer at Manchester and Mr. Shaw-Leveque at Bath attacked the Government administration of the Crimes Act.—Mr. Firth, who was M.P. for Chelsea 1880-5, and who unsuccessfully contested North Kensington in 1886 and West Newington in 1887, has been selected as the Gladstonian candidate for Dundee.—Neither the Gladstonians nor the Labour party have ventured to oppose the candidature of Mr. Mattinson (C) for the Walton Division of Liverpool.

THE CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER, as Lord Rector of the University of Aberdeen, delivered on Tuesday to the students an inaugural address distinguished by its originality and practicality.

He urged the necessity of cultivating the habit of taking an intellectual interest in all that is studied, learned, and done, even in the driest and least attractive kinds of work, and without any reference to pecuniary or other results. He illustrated his meaning by tracing the success of German clerks in England, not to their superior commercial education and knowledge of languages, but to the interest which they take in their work irrespective of salary. "I have myself," Mr. Goschen said, "seen German senior clerks listening to some discussion on a complicated question of commercial law, not with the bored faces of men who keep their eye upon the clock, but with the keen interest of experts who delight in the analysis of an intellectual problem."

IRELAND.—In a fiery speech at Rathkeale, Michael Davitt declared that the Irish question was but the prelude to a fight between the masses and the classes in Great Britain and Ireland, not for political supremacy solely, but for a just distribution of the wealth which was created by the labouring classes alone.—Mr. Blane, M.P., has been sentenced to four months' imprisonment for inciting to non-payment of rent. The usual appeal was lodged.—Mr. J. R. Cox, M.P. for East Clare, was sentenced at Ennis to four months' imprisonment without hard labour, for having incited to take part in an unlawful assembly. Liberated on bail pending an appeal on a technical point, he was re-arrested on a charge of having taken part in an unlawful assembly, and bail was refused. On the second charge Mr. Cox was convicted and sentenced to a month's imprisonment without hard labour, a sentence which will be carried out forthwith.—The Rev. F. McFadden, of Gweedore, convicted under the Crimes Act of inciting tenants not to pay rent, has been sentenced to three months' imprisonment, but, in consideration of his clerical character, without hard labour.—The Roman Catholic children of Cork have deserted all the schools attended by the children of policemen, and these juvenile boycotters march in crowds through the streets singing seditious songs, and carrying the effigies of their obnoxious schoolfellows.—A feeble old man of sixty-six, named Fitzmaurice, was foully murdered by two cowardly assailants, who shot him, with fatal effect, early on Tuesday morning, as he was proceeding with his daughter to the fair at Listowel. The unfortunate man had been condemned as a land-grabber by the local branch of the National League, and had been severely boycotted.—Lord Ripon and Mr. Morley arrived in Dublin on Wednesday evening, and received an enthusiastic welcome. The Irish Executive generously liberated Mr. Sullivan, M.P., the Lord Mayor of Dublin, before his term of imprisonment had expired, in order that he might take part in the reception of the English visitors.

LORD MEATH appeals to the generosity of the public with the intimation that only some 4,300l., about one-fifth of the sum asked for, has been subscribed to the Mansion House Fund for giving work to the unemployed in the construction of public gardens and pleasure-grounds. Sir Edward Guinness has sent the fund a donation of 600l.

OUR OBITUARY records the death, in his sixty-fourth year, suddenly, of Admiral Victor G. Hickley; in his ninety-first year, of Admiral Henry Eden, who entered the Navy in 1811, and was a Lord of the Admiralty from 1855 to 1858; in his seventy-seventh year, of Mr. Edward I'Anson, President of the Royal Institute of British Architects; of Dr. John T. J. Boswell, the eminent botanist, formerly Curator of the London Botanical Society; and in his seventy-third year, of Mr. George Godwin, the well-known architect and author, editor of the *Builder*, the originator of the Art Union of London, to whose zealous exposition of sanitary shortcomings, especially as regards the dwellings of the poor, the community is deeply indebted.

DIRECTORIES AND BOOKS OF REFERENCE.—"The Royal Navy List" (Witherby and Co.), under the energetic editorship of Colonel Francis Lean, remains the best book of its kind. In the January issue there are some new features, such as the addition of the Khédive's Star to the names of all the officers who have that distinction, a list of retired chief gunners, boatswains, and carpenters, and a nominal list of ships under the new classification. The book is indispensable.—"The Australian Handbook" (Gordon and Gotch) is a most valuable work. It is a kind of history, gazetteer, and commercial handbook, all in one. There is nothing omitted which could throw light on any aspect of colonial activity. The work is well planned, and is illustrated with many capital maps and plans. It is an excellent book of its kind.—"The Catholic Directory" (Burns and Oates), which now reaches its fifty-first year of publication, gives conclusive testimony to the growth of Roman Catholicism in this country. It contains a list of all the Roman Catholic clergy of Great Britain, schools, and convents, Acts of Parliament affecting the Roman Church, &c., besides all the usual information contained in other almanacs.—"The Dramatic and Musical Directory" (C. H. Fox, 19, Russell Street, Covent Garden) has several new features this year, and it remains a decidedly useful book for actors, actresses, music-hall singers, and all kinds of persons connected in any way with public entertainments. The information from country towns seems wonderfully complete, and the lists of lodgings and theatrical tradesmen must be of constant use to the members of travelling companies.—The old proverb about the man who defends himself in a court of justice was probably invented long before the first appearance of that ingenious work "Every Man's Own Lawyer" (Crosby Lockwood and Son), of which the twenty-fifth edition, entirely reconstructed, has just made its appearance. A careful study of the law as here compendiously laid down would certainly save the cost of many a consultation with a solicitor. The book is clearly arranged, and certainly has considerable value.—"The Playgoers' Pocket Book," by Paul Vedder (Spencer Blackett) is a convenient little volume, containing a record of the dramatic events of the year. It gives the plot of each play produced during the year, with the casts. The book is full of illustrations, both full-length character-sketches and portraits. Many of the drawings are very good, but some of them suffer from careless printing. Such a work as this has a distinct value as a record of the year's theatrical work.—"The Financial Reform Almanack" (Simpkin, Marshall, and Co.) as usual offers an immense mass of figures and facts. Radical orators could not have a better text-book for attacks upon the Monarchy, the present land laws, and the House of Peers. The book is certainly crammed full of most interesting statistics, many of them about matters concerning which the public at large is woefully ignorant.—"The Advertiser's Guardian" by Louis Collins (26, Catherine Street), is a curious mixture of essays and illustrations, the precise aim of which it is at first somewhat difficult to discover. We gather, however, that Mr. Louis Collins is a shrewd man of business who writes to warn advertisers against the pitfalls which are sometimes dug for them. His book is at any rate amusing and unconventional, and there is much good advice and useful information mixed up with the humorous papers and "skits."—From Messrs. A. Thom and Co., Limited, 87, Middle Abbey Street, Dublin, we have received a copy of that massive and most useful volume "Thom's Official Directory." There is scarcely any book of its size which contains so much information. While chiefly concerned with Ireland, there is a vast mass of miscellaneous information, such as a peerage, navy list, army list, Parliamentary guide, and so on. The Irish part of the book is most complete, and generally, as a thoroughly sound and practical work of reference, this takes one of the highest places.—Finally, we should acknowledge "The Garden Oracle and Floricultural Year Book for 1883." This capital manual is edited by Mr. Shirley Hibberd, and is published at the office of *The Gardener's Magazine*.



AN INTERNATIONAL GEOGRAPHICAL CONGRESS takes place in Paris next year.

QUEEN ELEANOR'S WELL-KNOWN MONUMENT at Waltham Cross is being rapidly restored. Most of the heavier carved stones are finished, and are being put into position.

SPARROWS IN CHESHIRE so sorely trouble the farmers that in one district 6d. per dozen is paid for all sparrows killed. Yet the birds are so plentiful that their numbers seem scarcely to have diminished at all, though 7,192 sparrows have been killed within a very short period.

A CENTENARIAN WIDOW, Mrs. Elizabeth Stillman, has died at Newbury, Berks, in her 102nd year. Mrs. Stillman never recovered from the recent loss of her two daughters, aged seventy-four and eighty-two; but her head was clear to the last, and she gave the necessary orders for the funeral of her daughters.

THE SNOWSTORMS of the present winter have even visited the Antipodes in the midst of their summer. Snow fell in Sydney in December—about as remarkable a phenomenon as the proverbial snow in harvest in England. The morning had been intensely hot, and in less than an hour the weather turned bitterly cold, and snow followed.

THE ARMADA TERCENTENARY will be kept at Plymouth on July 19th next, the date when the Spanish invaders were first sighted off the port. An "Armada Column" is to be erected on the Hoe, inscribed with the names of the Elizabethan heroes, and the base will be ornamented with bas-reliefs of scenes from the defeat of the Spaniards.

BY THE STEAM YACHT *Victoria*, Captain Lunham, leaving to-day (Saturday) for a seventy-five days' cruise in the Mediterranean, Levant, and Black Sea, proceeds an artist, who has already on several occasions contributed to this journal, Mr. Arthur M. Horwood, for the purpose of furnishing *The Graphic* with sketches of the numerous places of interest at which the steamer touches.

THE KING OF THE BELGIANS is being gradually turned out of his favourite palace of Laeken, near Brussels, owing to the decay of the building. So the Royal family will temporarily remove to a neighbouring château, which King Leopold has bought, and enclosed in the palace grounds. He will then personally superintend the restoration of the old palace, as he has a great fancy for house-building.

SOME REMAINS OF ST. THOMAS A BECKET are believed to have been found in Canterbury Cathedral. Under the paving-stones of the chapel dedicated to the murdered Archbishop a rough stone coffin has been discovered, containing a skull and a quantity of bones, together with a stone pillow for the head. According to tradition, Becket's bones were burnt during the reign of Henry III.; but this theory was much questioned by Dean Stanley in his "Memorials of Canterbury," and it is considered possible that some devotee may have secured part or the whole of the bones and re-buried them secretly, especially as the coffin was evidently made in haste. The skeleton is nearly perfect, having apparently been merely crushed by the pressure of the coffin-lid, and the remains are to be examined by a skilled anatomist to prove their identity. Becket was killed by a blow on the head, so that the state of the skull ought to set the question at rest. Close to the coffin were pieces of stone work which evidently formed part of the altar at which St. Thomas's devotees worshipped.

THE LUNAR ECLIPSE last Saturday sorely disappointed astronomers, especially round London. Though visible enough to the general public, the eclipse was spoilt for scientific observations by masses of grey clouds, which came up at the very time of totality, after a splendidly clear afternoon and early evening. At Greenwich nine telescopes were ready, but only four succeeded in getting any observations, twenty-two being made, while some photographs were obtained before totality, but none afterwards. Various devices were arranged to ensure successful operations, large cardboard circles were fixed at the eye end of the telescopes, and rotary eye pieces, so that a thread of spider's web could be brought to the exact point of the edge where the phenomenon was calculated to occur. Soon after the moon entered the earth's shadow the eclipsed part became visible and of a greyish tint, later it assumed a light coppery hue, dotted with patches like Indian ink. The west side of the moon was much brighter than the east. Unlike the last total eclipse—in October, 1884—the moon was plainly seen throughout the whole obscuration. In the North of Ireland and at Kirkwall the eclipse was finely seen, but in Berlin, Vienna, and Paris the weather was unfavourable—clouds and snow—so that the astronomers shared the disappointment of their London brethren. The Moscow observers were far more fortunate.

THE MOST MERCIFUL MODE of inflicting the death-penalty has been carefully studied by a State Commission in New York, who have now reported to the Legislature. Their report is a most ghastly record of the different methods of putting to death, from the days of Moses and the early Chinese down to the present time, when in civilised countries the sword and the guillotine are the most frequent means of execution. Beheading is almost general on the European Continent, the guillotine being used in France, Belgium, Denmark, and several German States, the sword in Prussia and Italy, both sword and guillotine in Switzerland, while shooting is generally reserved for military cases, except in some parts of Germany and South America. Great Britain, the United States, Holland, and Portugal prefer the gallows, which are also used in Russia as often as the sword, while Spain uses the garrote. The American Commissioners condemn all these modes of execution alike as barbarous and revolting, and recommend the infliction of death by electricity. This method is certain, painless, and instantaneous, nor does its carrying out depend on the skill of the executioner. The condemned culprit is seated in a chair with a head-rest and a foot-rest. A button is touched, and he is dead immediately. The object of capital punishment is to remove the criminal, and electricity affords the means most in keeping with the civilisation and scientific achievements of to-day.

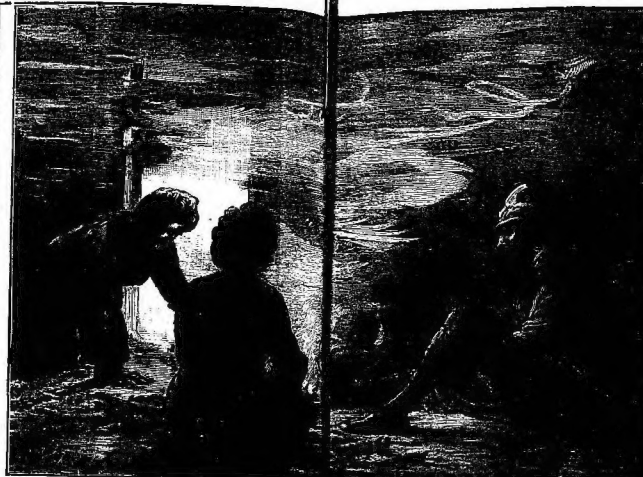
LONDON MORTALITY decreased last week, and 1,816 deaths were registered, against 2,000 during the previous seven days, a decline of 184, being 177 below the average, and at the rate of 22.1 per 1,000. These deaths included 16 from measles (a rise of 2, but were 24 below the average), 29 from scarlet fever (a decline of 13, and 9 below the average), 28 from diphtheria (an increase of 6), 168 from whooping-cough (a rise of 30), 13 from enteric fever (a fall of 13), 1 from an ill-defined form of continued fever, 11 from diarrhoea and dysentery (a decrease of 4), and not one from small-pox, typhus, or cholera. There were 1,641 scarlet fever patients in the Metropolitan Asylums Hospitals at the end of last week, besides 100 in the London Fever Hospital. Deaths referred to diseases of the respiratory organs numbered 534 (a decline of 57), and were 39 below the average. Different forms of violence caused 59 deaths: 55 were the result of negligence or accident, among which were 18 from fractures and contusions, 15 from burns and scalds, 4 from drowning, and 14 of infants under one year of age from suffocation. Three cases of suicide were registered.



WOOLAR LAKE (A HALF-SUBMERGED FIELD OF OILSEED)



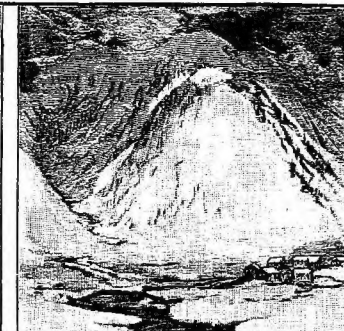
AVALANCHED SNOW



THAWING ONE'S FEET (END OF MARCH)



ABOVE TRAGBAL: A STIFF ASCENT



CASHMERE PATTERN VILLAGE AND BRIDGE



A DOONGA CROSSING THE WOOLAR



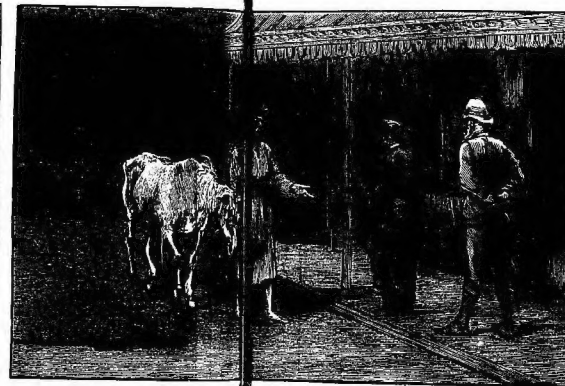
AFTER IBEX: CUTTING STEPS



A DIFFICULT CLIMB



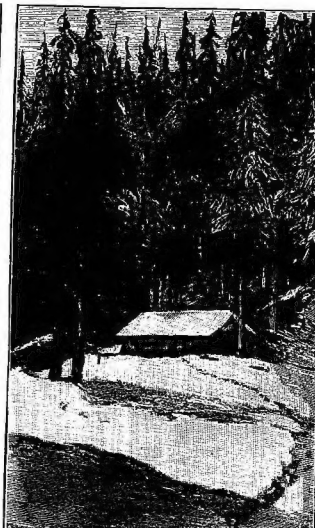
THE MURREE ROUTE: A STEEP BIT



DULAI: THE ONLY AVAILABLE "TAT"



AFTER LARGE GAME—BREAKFAST



HUT AT TRAGBAL



VILLAGE NAUTCH: ENTER THE IBEX



STALKING MUSK DEER

HUNTING AND SURVEYING IN CASHMERE



"LET us hope for peace, but let us get ready good bayonets." Such is the *Tagblatt's* interpretation of M. Tisza's speech in the Hungarian Diet, and such is the feeling entertained by the Central and Eastern Powers of Europe. On the one hand M. Tisza declared that there is not the slightest ground for doubting that the Allied Powers "are making a *bona fide* endeavour to maintain peace for their own defence," while, on the other, he remarked that though fully believing the pacific assurances of the Czar and his Government with regard to the recent movement of Russian troops towards the Austrian frontier, it was the duty of the Cabinet "to take care that such measures are taken for all contingencies as the security of our frontiers and the effective use of our army demand." Consequently, although we hear of special civilities shown at St. Petersburg by the Empress to the Austrian Ambassador, and of Prince Bismarck having remarked to a Berlin financier that the present international situation would undergo a somewhat prolonged but peaceful development, there is not the slightest tendency shown by any Government to relax its war preparations, and Germany, Russia, and Austria, are all increasing their armaments as though their neighbour's troops were already across the frontier. The new German military War Bill has duly been presented to the Reichstag, and provides for the raising of 13,900,000*l.* for the purposes of increasing the military defences of the country, as proposed by the new Military Reorganisation Bill. There is little doubt that this money will be voted without any serious opposition, as there is a complete distrust of Russia throughout Germany—a distrust carefully fanned by the *Cologne Gazette* and *Berlin Post*, which vie with each other in publishing alarmist articles, and in declaring that Russia is merely keeping the Bulgarian question open so as to have, at the proper "psychological" moment, an excuse for war. At the same time, both Austria and Germany are careful not to afford on their side the slightest pretext of offence to Russia, and poor M. Stourdza, who has been to Vienna in order to privately negotiate for an Austro-German guarantee of the neutrality of Roumanian territory, has returned empty-handed to Bucharest. The two Powers are manifestly not only unwilling to make a Russian march through Roumanian territory a *casus belli*, but are desirous of rendering it necessary for Roumania to maintain her army and frontier defences in first-rate working order, so that in case of need she might act as an efficient barrier to the southern advance of Russia.

In FRANCE political circles are exceptionally quiet, though there is a general feeling that M. Tirard will not remain at the head of the Cabinet much longer, but will give place to M. Floquet, who will then do his utmost to form a strong and homogeneous Ministry. The Chamber has been occupied with the debate on the Budget, of which the only enlivening incident has been a violent anti-Republican tirade from a Royalist deputy, M. Digne de la Fauconnerie, who declared that in the provinces Frenchmen are living under an oligarchy of "spies and police-agents, whose instructions compel them to watch and persecute the honest folk who decline hunting down the wealthy, the nobles, and the priests." He denounced the rulers to be no better than their unclean tools, and protested that the country could not continue to live under the tyranny of ruffianism and imbecility. The chief topic of the week, however, has been another little international difficulty—this time with Turkey; the French Consulate at Damascus having been forcibly entered by a police officer and fifteen zaptiehs in order to arrest an Algerian (a French subject), who had taken refuge there. An ambassadorial Note has been handed to the Porte, and an inquiry is to be made into the circumstances. In Paris there has been plenty of gaiety this week, the principal festive event being the Municipal Ball at the Hôtel de Ville, which was attended by President Carnot and twelve thousand guests. The Académie have elected three new members,—M. Othenin d'Haussonville as successor to M. Caro, Admiral Jurien de la Gravière as successor to M. de Viel Castel, M. Jules Claretie as successor to M. Cuvillier Fleury. Literary and artistic circles have sustained a noteworthy loss by the death of M. Henri de Pène, the editor of the *Gaulois*, and of the well-known historical painter M. Louis Matout. The theatrical novelties of the week have been M. Gaston Salvayre's new opera *Dame de Monsoreau* (a musical version of M. Dumas' novel), which is magnificently mounted, but is not likely to keep the boards for very long, and a bright little comedy by M. Henri Meilhac, at the Variétés, entitled *Décoré*.

In GERMANY—apart from the Army Bill mentioned above, the chief home interest is centred in the Anti-Socialist law, which has been vigorously discussed in the Reichstag. The Socialist leader, Herr Singer, opened the debate, and roundly accused the Government of employing a large staff of detectives and provocative agents who not only watched known Socialists, but instigated them to commit crimes so as to procure their arrest. He quoted various instances in defence of his argument, which was subsequently ridiculed by Herr Puttkammer, who, while denying that the Government paid provocative agents, had to admit that secret agents were employed in Switzerland to watch the Anarchists, so as to detect their plots. Indeed this has just been proved by the action of the Swiss Government, who, on finding that two arrested Anarchists, Haupt and Schroder, were receiving 10*l.* a month from the German police, promptly expelled them. The bill has been referred to committee, but has very little chance of becoming law, as the Liberals and Centre are dead against the measure. The Socialist leader Bebel, in the course of his speech, not only repeated Herr Singer's accusation, but declared that an agent was employed in London to endeavour to persuade the German Socialists there to take a prominent part in any riots which might take place in Trafalgar Square or Hyde Park—the object being to wear out the patience of the British Government, and induce it to expel the German Socialists from England. The trial at Posen of the Socialist Slavinsky and his companions for being connected with secret societies has resulted in all but four being condemned to various terms of imprisonment—Slavinsky being sentenced for two years and nine months. The Emperor appears to be keeping fairly well. There has been a fresh medical conference at San Remo in the case of the Crown Prince, and the symptoms are now generally considered to point to perichondritis rather than cancer. The result of the examination by Professor Virchow of the piece of cartilage or tissue coughed up by the Prince is accordingly awaited with much anxiety. It has been decided that no operation will be necessary, as his breathing is normal.

In ITALY the news of the Abyssinian campaign is rousing expectancy of a speedy and decisive battle. The Negus is advancing towards Massowah with his forces, and is stated to be near Gundet, whence he will be able to march on Kassala on the west, where the Soudanese are said to have assumed a threatening attitude, or towards Keren and Massowah on the north. The Italians are busily pushing forward their fortification works, and have now established themselves at Saati in accordance with General San Marzano's plan of making a practically impregnable line of defence from that place to Massowah, and there await the onset of King John, should he be so unwise as to attack an army well entrenched behind strong fortifications. The anniversary of the Battle of Dogali was kept with

impressive ceremony at Massowah. After the commemoration service the priest blessed the graves of those who had fallen in action, and subsequently Captain Turi saluted them in the name of the Italian navy.

In INDIA the financial condition of the Government appears going from bad to worse, and Mr. Westland, the Financial Secretary, has now brought forward a Bill imposing a duty of 5 per cent. on all petroleum. He gives as reasons for the measure, the losses on the exchange of the rupee, which is now down to 1*s.* 5*d.*, the expenditure on the frontier defences in the North-West, the fall in the price of opium, the cost of the Burma Campaign, and a decline in the railway receipts. The little Sikkim Expeditionary Force "to repair the Thibetan Road" is to consist of six hundred men of the 32nd Pioneers, two companies of the Sherwood Foresters (Derbyshire Regiment), and a couple of mountain guns. Another Indian magnate has offered to contribute to the frontier defence, the Maharajah of Jodhpore, who has informed the Government that he is willing to pay an annual sum of two lakhs (20,000*l.*) towards this purpose.

In BURMA it has been decided that the whole of Burma is to be disarmed, and that firearms are only to be allowed to natives who are Government officials, not below the rank of Thuggis, who are entrusted with collecting the revenue, and endowed with certain magisterial powers. Where, however, adequate police protection cannot be afforded, or as regards travellers in the Shan States, this rule will be relaxed. This sweeping measure is approved by most of the military authorities, but Colonel Street, the Commissioner of Pegu, the senior officer in the Burma Commission, is opposed to it, and remarks that as a rule villages in which there are known to be firearms have not been attacked, and those who have firearms have always turned out readily to assist in hunting dacoits and in putting down crime. Moreover, the Thuggis in collecting the revenue always call upon the armed villagers to protect them, and the money they have collected. Persons travelling, also, who are compelled to carry sums of money with them, undoubtedly require firearms for their protection, and so do those living in jungle tracts, not only as a protection against dacoits, but for protecting their cattle against wild animals.

MISCELLANEOUS ITEMS.—In TURKEY the Armenian difficulty shows signs of being shortly settled, and, though Mgr. Haroutian has not yet withdrawn his resignation as Patriarch, there has been a friendly message from the Sultan, who states that he has been deceived regarding the Armenian rising, and that he now fully believes the Armenian people "are faithful and loyal to his person and throne."—In BELGIUM Baron de Worms, who is trying hard at Brussels to bring about a unity of opinion with reference to the abolition of the Sugar Bounties between the Belgian Government and the other Powers, seems to have been successful, the Belgian Cabinet having shown a most conciliatory spirit. A Commission of Inquiry into the North Sea Fisheries has been appointed, with the object of investigating the results of the Treaty of 1881 and the social condition of the fishermen.—In RUSSIA there has been another Nihilist trial, and seven persons were sentenced to death for belonging to a revolutionary party and for storing explosive bombs. Their sentence, however, was subsequently commuted to various terms of imprisonment.—In BULGARIA the Porte has appointed Kiazim Bey as the new Turkish Commissioner.—In EGYPT Colonel Kitchener is better, but the ball has not been found.—In the UNITED STATES there has been a severe snowstorm, this time in New York State. The districts further West, which were devastated by the recent blizzard, are still isolated, owing to the depth of the snow, and much suffering prevails.—The Fisheries Commission continues to sit, and the members are said to be hopeful of arriving at a satisfactory solution by securing an interpretation of existing treaties until the dispute can be settled by arbitration.—In WESTERN AUSTRALIA the Governor has been informed by the Secretary of State for the Colonies that an autonomous Government in the southern portion of the colony is impracticable, because the northern section would be unable to provide for the cost of governing. He proposes a scheme, however, by which the colony would be divided at the 26th parallel of latitude, the lands in the northern portion remaining under Imperial control, and the proceeds from their sale being devoted to a fund for the future benefit of the Northern colony.



THE first signs of the London season are given by the announcement of approaching Court ceremonials. Returning to Windsor on February 14th, the Queen will come to town on the 23rd inst. to hold a Drawing-Room on the following day, which will be a Collar Day for the Knights of the various Orders who attend. A second Drawing-Room takes place on March 9th, while others will probably be held after her Majesty's return from the Continent on April 18th. Meanwhile, the Royal party at Osborne has been joined by Princess Victoria of Schleswig-Holstein, eldest daughter of Prince and Princess Christian, who arrived on Saturday, being followed by the Dean of Westminster. Next morning the Queen, with Prince and Princess Henry and Princess Victoria, attended Divine Service at Osborne, where the Dean of Westminster preached. The Dean dined with her Majesty in the evening, while other guests at Osborne have been Mr. W. H. Smith and Admiral Sir George Willes. The Queen holds a Council next Wednesday to formally approve the Royal Speech for the opening of Parliament next day.

The Prince of Wales was in town at the end of last week to preside at a meeting of the Organising Committee of the Imperial Institute, and on Saturday morning attended a meeting of the Standing Committee of the British Museum Trustees. Later in the day he rejoined the Princess and daughters at Sandringham, where the Royal party attended church as usual on Sunday. On Monday the Prince arrived at Marlborough House from Sandringham, and next day visited the Queen at Osborne. The Prince will leave England on a short visit to the Continent on the 9th or 10th inst., returning early in March. The Prince holds the first Levée of the season on behalf of the Queen on March 7th at St. James's Palace. Two family festivals will be held by the Prince and Princess of Wales this spring—the coming of age of their eldest daughter, Princess Louise, on February 20th, and their Silver Wedding on March 10th. There will be a ball at Marlborough House on March 9th, and a Royal family dinner-party on the actual anniversary. Windsor has resolved to celebrate the Silver Wedding in a befitting manner, and a ball will be given at the Guildhall.—Prince Albert Victor was present at a county ball given by Mr. and Mrs. Beckett, at Nun Appleton, on Tuesday, and on Thursday was the guest of Lady Wombwell at Settrington House, Malton, and attended an amateur dramatic entertainment at Malton Theatre. The Prince has been promoted to be Honorary Lieutenant of the Naval Reserve.—Prince George of Wales left Athens for Malta in the *Dreadnought* on Tuesday after ten days' stay with the King and Queen of Greece.

The German Crown Prince and family have been joined at San Remo by the Grand Duke of Hesse and Princess Irene, while the

Hereditary Prince and Princess of Saxe-Meiningen have returned from Cannes, and are staying opposite the Villa Zirio. On Sunday the Crown Princess and all her daughters, Prince Henry, and Princess Irene attended Divine Service at the English church. The Royal party take especial interest in local charities, and the Princess and her daughters went to the bazaar organised for the benefit of the San Remo poor, where Prince Henry and his sisters also lunched, and the Prince attended the subsequent ball. The Princess has painted a couple of water-colours for the annual Exhibition at St. Remo in aid of the Invalids' Home.—The betrothal of Prince Oscar of Sweden and Miss Ebba Munck was celebrated at the Stockholm Palace, on Sunday, with much ceremony. All the members of the Royal family were present, as well as the Ministers, and the King toasted his son and warmly congratulated the betrothed pair.



THE VEN. SIR LOVELACE STAMER, Archdeacon of Stoke, has been appointed Bishop Suffragan of Lichfield, with the title of Bishop of Shrewsbury.—The *Record* understands that the stall in Exeter Cathedral vacant through the appointment of Archdeacon Earle to be a Bishop Suffragan has been offered to the Rev. Prebendary Sandford, Vicar of Cornwood, whose name, it will be remembered, was submitted, in conjunction with Archdeacon Earle's, to the Queen for the Suffragan Bishopric.

AT CARDINAL MANNING'S INSTANCE, the centennial service "for the repose of the soul" of Charles Edward Stuart, the "Young Pretender," who died 31st January, 1788, which was to have been celebrated at the Carmelite Church, Kensington, was abandoned. But the well-known Anglican transpontine minister, the Rev. Dr. Lee, celebrated an office of the kind at All Saints', York Street, Lambeth, on Monday, and at the close of his sermon asserted the right of the congregation to pray for the dead—"to pray," as he phrased it, "that God's abiding mercy might be poured forth on a race who loved England, and whom England loved."—A centenary mass for the soul of the Young Pretender was said on Tuesday at the Scotch College in Rome.

THE DEAN AND CHAPTER OF MANCHESTER have presented two plots of vacant land, about ten acres in extent, and valued at 16,000*l.*, to the township of Newtown Heath, a suburb of that city, for conversion into public recreation grounds.

THE VESTRY OF ST. PANCRAS wish to provide forthwith some work for the unemployed, in converting the disused burial-ground of St. Martin's-in-the-Fields into a public recreation-ground. On hearing their application—which some ratepayers opposed—for a faculty, Dr. Tristram, the Chancellor of the Diocese of London, gave them leave to begin the alterations at once, but directed that none of the tombs or monuments should be interfered with for a fortnight, when he would hear the objectors and make a further order.

A MURAL MONUMENT IN ALABASTER, as a memorial of the late Walter Savage Landor, an excellent bust of him being its chief feature, has been unveiled in the Church of St. Mary, Warwick, a town in which, belonging to an old Warwickshire family, he spent a portion of his boyhood.

THE COMMITTEE OF THE CONGREGATIONAL UNION have intimated their intention to make special arrangements for the celebration of the bi-centenary of the Revolution of 1688, as "one of most auspicious events of English history."

ACCORDING TO THE NEWLY-ISSUED REPORT of the Wesleyan Chapel Committee for 1887, there were erected in that year 134 new chapels at an estimated cost of 159,535*l.* Total additional accommodation has been provided for 27,707 worshippers, being 5,061 in excess of the extra accommodation provided in the previous year.

MR. SPURGEON has expressed a hearty approval of the objects of the Church of England Burial, Funeral, and Mourning Reform Association.



GAUL'S "JOAN OF ARC."—Mr. Alfred R. Gaul's new cantata *Joan of Arc*, originally produced by the Birmingham Festival Choral Society last autumn, was performed for the first time in London on Monday night by the orchestra and choir of the Bow and Bromley Institute, under Mr. McNaught. The words are by Mr. Frederick Enoch, the librettist of Smart's *Bride of Dunkerron*. The story of the legend is pretty faithfully followed, the chief liberty taken with history being the invention of a tenor lover for Joan. He comes on in the very first scene, during the pretty May chorus of merry-makers in the fields of Domremy, and sings a Balfeian song in praise of his lady love. The Maid of Orleans will, however, have none of rural joys. The "Voices" have called her, and she is off to Vaucouleurs to enlist the aid of the Provost in her expedition against the English. The trio and chorus, which occupies a good deal of this scene, is by no means the best in the work, but it is followed by a capital baritone patriotic song for the Provost, which might have been better sung than on Monday. The story shifts to Gien, where the peasants narrate that a shepherd-maid has passed, clad in armour. A duet between the tenor lover and the baritone knight, Jean de Novelonpont, is succeeded by Joan's principal soprano solo, a melodious song in which the Maid recalls the memory of her mother. The description of the battle of Orleans is wisely touched upon but lightly. It consists mainly of a succession of three choruses, broken by a trio for the three principal characters. The scene is next transferred to Rheims Cathedral, where Joan is acclaimed, and a choral "Ave Maria," by far the best number of the cantata, is sung. An orchestral intermezzo carries us to the fields of Compiègne, where the populace lament the capture of the Maid, and thence to Rouen, where Joan, accompanied in very beautiful fashion by the "Voices," takes farewell of life. Last of all, the youths and maidens are once more singing their May song, when they are hushed by their elders, who rebuke such sounds of revelry while the champion of France lies dead. Mr. Gaul's music is for the most part of that simple and melodious sort which those who have heard his *Hooy City* will readily recognise. Much importance is assigned to the chorus, possibly for the sake of provincial choristers, who are among the composer's warmest admirers.

"BABETTE."—M. Michiel's *Babette*, produced last week at the Strand Theatre, will need no little revision before it can be described as a first-rate *opéra bouffe*, poor as the general standard of such things admittedly now is. The story is interesting enough. It is alleged to be a custom in some parts of the Burgundian wine country that at the vintage festival the swains of the village shall plunge their hands into a basket of grapes, and he who draws the largest bunch shall have the first choice of the girls for bride. Babette has three

lovers, a Duke, a page, and an old Baron. The last-named wins the prize, and during the remainder of the opera it is the business of the rest to outwit him. Despite some pretty melodies the music is far from strong, and at present the libretto almost wholly lacks humour. The brunt of the acting and singing falls upon Misses d'Arville, Lydia Thompson, and Susie Vaughan.

CONCERTS (VARIOUS).—At the Popular Concerts Signor Piatti on Saturday introduced as works for the violoncello a set of pieces written by Handel's contemporary and whilom teacher Attilio Ariosti for that now almost obsolete instrument the viola d'amore. Miss Fanny Davies was the pianist of the week, playing on Saturday some of Schumann's *Davidbündler*, and on Monday Brahms' not particularly interesting Rhapsody in G minor and Bach's Fugue in A minor, one of the longest and most elaborate specimens of its kind extant.—Miss Fanny Davies also on Wednesday gave a pianoforte recital, the programme of which included Schumann's "Études Symphoniques" and Beethoven's "Waldstein" sonata, the "Études" especially being performed in a manner little short of perfection. The pianist likewise made a great success in Rubinstein's "Staccato Study," which, as music lovers are aware, is an exceedingly exacting test of the mechanical ability of the executant. Contrary to a not very wise custom, Miss Davies relieved the monotony of a pianoforte recital by introducing some German songs, accompanied by herself, and sung by Frauline Sica, which were greatly appreciated.—Concerts have likewise been given by Miss Marion Bateman, M. Pradeau, and others.

NOTES AND NEWS.—M. Rubinstein has been nominated by the Czar of Russia a member of the Council of the Empire, with the title of "Excellency."—Mr. Ebenezer Prout has just completed a new grand opera.—Madame Patti is now singing in Madrid. She will sail for South America from Lisbon on March 8th.—Sir Arthur Sullivan and Mr. Gilbert do not expect to have their new comic opera ready before June. The libretto will not be published until after the work has been produced in New York.—The death is announced, at the age of sixty-three, of Mr. Parry, formerly of the firm of Ashdown and Parry, the well-known music publishers.—It is stated that for the season of the Royal Italian Opera, Covent Garden, which will begin in May, Mr. Augustus Harris has re-engaged Signor Luigi Mancinelli as conductor, and proposes to revive Halevy's *La Juive*. This work, in which Mario, Tamberlik, Formes, and Madame Viardot appeared at Covent Garden, in 1850, cost a large sum to mount, and after the burning of the theatre the expensive armour was never replaced.—It is understood that little Josef Hofmann, or those who represent him, are to receive from Mr. Abbey during the current American season the sum of 5,000*l.* for eighty recitals.—The death is announced in Australia of M. Charles Schoenmehl, who, during the régime of Napoleon III., was a Parisian conductor and composer of light music.



DAIRY SCHOOLS.—The Government Report on this subject recommends the establishment of a central school of dairy instruction at Rugby, or some other place at once in the Midlands and in an agricultural district, and of seven district dairy schools for Scotland, Wales, North-western, North-eastern, Eastern, South-eastern, and South-western England. The Report proposes that the whole supervision of the system of agricultural education should be in the hands of the Department of Agriculture, which might include members of the Council of the Royal Agricultural Society of England, the Highland and Agricultural Society of Scotland, and other leading agricultural societies of Great Britain. It is also hinted that the Royal Horticultural Society, together with any societies devoted to botany, or forestry, might give useful advice. Of course, the real *crux* of the matter is that the number of agriculturists who go in for "agricultural education," as scientifically administered, is so small, that it does not suffice to leaven the mass of half-a-million English and two hundred thousand Scottish farmers. District schools, to be of any penetrating influence, should number one in every county at least, probably one in every rape, lathe, or riding of the leading agricultural counties. The thing, if worth doing at all, is worth doing well. The proposal is Socialistic, and widely at variance with old-fashioned notions about "Heaven helping only those who help themselves." We do not necessarily condemn it on that account, but mere playing at Socialism is nothing more than an expensive and unprofitable "fad." If we are to teach our farmers how to manage their farms, and our dairymen how to manage their dairies, let us make such instruction thorough and practical, and let us put it within the reach of all.

HORSE-SHOEING.—So much injury, not unfrequently of a permanent character, is now and again done to horses by unskilful shoeing, that we are very glad to hear that in connection with the Summer Show of the Royal Agricultural Society, at Nottingham, there will be a horse-shoeing competition, in which the shoeing-smiths of Derby, Leicester, Lincoln, Notts, Northampton, and Rutland will compete for substantial prizes offered by the Royal and Lincolnshire Agricultural Societies. There will be two classes, namely, hunters and agricultural horses, and in each there will be eighty-four prizes for the smiths who exhibit the greatest skill. Each competitor will be required to make a fore and hind shoe out of new iron provided by the Society, to take off the fore shoe and put the new one on. In addition to the prizes, the Society's certificate of efficiency will be given to the prize winners and commended competitors. Entries must be sent in before the end of May.

THE LAMBS.—Mr. Adams, of the Royal Prize Farm, Faringdon, West Berkshire, informs us that there is a good promise of a large rear of strong lambs. In his own flock of Oxfordshire Downes there are more doubles than singles. Farmers are, however, complaining of expense in keeping, for swedes and turnips are used up, and mangold is rapidly going the same way. Mr. Adams rejoices in having about fifteen acres of kale, which he considers invaluable as sheep-keep, and accordingly advises other practical farmers to grow. From Salisbury a well-known farmer writes us that he never had a finer lot of lambs. The shortness of food and straw, however, is much complained of. The colder weather seems to have done little or no harm.

APICULTURE.—We do not like this word. Knowledge that *apis* is Latin for "a bee" fails to reconcile us to it. Those who have received what is called "a modern education" have been known to confound it with the monkey tribe. And yet "bee-farming" is even worse; nobody farms bees. The difficulty has presented itself in our wish to speak of a new practical book for those who keep bees. To publish such a work early in the year is wise and seasonable, especially as one of its strongest points is its recommendations about breeding. Mr. Simmons of Rottingdean has bred bees for many years, and, despite the popular objection to hybrids, he says he has *always* done best when breeding from a queen of the native kind crossed with a Carniolan, or yellow drone. "The crossing in itself adds greater energy, whilst the disposition is received from the male side. For instance, a queen of a mild strain mating with a drone from a vicious colony I have noticed throws workers which almost invariably turn out to be irritable.

Again, I have had queens produce workers which the average bee-keeper would not attempt to manipulate under any kind of intimidation; yet the daughters of such queens, allowed to mate only with drones from stocks known to be easily handled, have given workers that one could do anything with." The book in question is worthy the consideration of all bee-keepers.

CATTLE.—The introduction of young classes at the leading Shows continues, and the arguments seem increasingly in favour of the change. At the Smithfield Show in December last the Devons under two years old gained daily 1*·*83 lb., while those between two and three years gained 1*·*48 lb., and those over three years gained 1*·*31 lb. only. Nor was it the Devon breed alone which gave this remarkable testimony to early maturity. Classing the animals under two as Class A, under three as Class B, and over three as Class C, we find the daily gain in weight was: Herefords, A, 2*·*18 lb.; B, 1*·*84 lb.; C, 1*·*54 lb.; Shorthorns, A, 2*·*06 lb.; B, 1*·*87 lb.; C, 1*·*58 lb.; Sussex, A, 2*·*17 lb.; B, 1*·*88 lb.; C, 1*·*50 lb. From the above averages it will be seen that the daily gain, in *all* cases, was much the greatest in the youngest and least in the oldest classes. This is an interesting fact, and one worthy of the consideration of cattle breeders, as clearly indicating the necessity of looking to early maturity in what they breed, and the loss sustained by those who neglect their young animals and allow them to become poor, when they have the fact before them that, notwithstanding the much greater consumption of food by a three-year-old steer as compared with a yearling, the yearling produces some thirty-five to forty per cent. more beef than the three-year-old for the food it consumes. With respect to another feature of the Smithfield Show, the fatness of the beasts, a well-known French critic has published a scathing "note" on this defective, and, as he deems it, preposterous ideal. There certainly were some bad cases last December, but we can remember more, and worse, ten, and even five years ago.

LEAN MEAT, desired by all consumers, as a rule, has been finely developed in the ensilage-fed steer, sold last week in Leicester, and partly eaten by connoisseurs at the Royal Hotel on last Wednesday. The uncooked colour and fibre of the meat, firmness of touch, and juicy plumpness were very noticeable, and the beef in its cooked state could hardly be excelled. The details given by the Ensilage Press Company of this first complete experiment are much in favour to the extension of the ensilage system.

THE PARIS CATTLE SHOW now in progress, and to last up to the 8th inst., should attract any English agricultural visitors who may be staying in Paris. In numbers of exhibits, implements, fat and breeding stock, live and dead poultry, and with a dozen large rooms devoted to seed, grain, roots, fruit, and floral displays, &c., the exhibition is one of the best of its kind in Europe, as we have found it during several years.

BULB PLANTING.—In selecting bulbs for making the garden gay in early spring a little thought and care will go further than a reckless order, even where "money is no object." The prevailing opinion is that to obtain good bulbs an enormous price must be paid. Now it is quite true that those who grow hyacinths for exhibition, and to gratify whims peculiar to amateurs, frequently pay five to fifty shillings per bulb. But it cannot be too emphatically asserted that the cheapest bulbs, of fair average size and hardihood, are capable of producing as good an effect in every way when planted out in a garden as the rarest and most expensive. Witness the spring show of hyacinths and tulips in Hyde Park. These are not dear varieties, as those who take the trouble to read their labels know. Of all the flowers that may be mixed in a bed without fear of either discord or a muddle, the hyacinth should have pre-eminence, and in a small garden a bed of mixed colours will generally prove more agreeable than a bed of one sort. The early tulips take next place to the hyacinth, and they are most welcome in our backward springs, with their almost exuberant gaiety of colours. We have already recommended early planting; the beds should now be dug deep, and liberally manured. For snowdrops, the amount of over-soil should be three inches; that is to say, they should be planted to that depth. Hyacinths and tulips require double this amount, and crocuses occupy an intermediary position.



MR. ARTHUR M. CHANNELL, Q.C., of the South-Eastern Circuit, who is the only son of the late Mr. Baron Channell, and was called to the Bar in 1863, has been appointed Recorder of Rochester in succession to Mr. Francis Burrow, resigned.

THE TRIAL of Callan and Harkins, the suspected dynamitards, began at the Central Criminal Court on Wednesday, and was proceeding when we went to press. So far the evidence adduced was the same as that reported in this column during the examination before the magistrate.

A YOUTH OF FIFTEEN, a ward in Chancery, entitled to 600*l.* on attaining his majority, has a father who, unsuccessful as a farmer in England, went out some years ago to Manitoba, and is doing well there as an agriculturist with two other sons, also prosperous. The ward in Chancery has been educated under the care of his aunt with a view to entering the Army. The father has recently revisited England, and wished to take his son back with him to Manitoba and bring him up as a farmer. The boy's trustees applied to Mr. Justice Kay for an injunction to restrain the father from taking him out of the jurisdiction of the Court, alleging that he wished to enter the Army, and that if he went to Manitoba he would suffer great privations there. In a judgment full of good sense Mr. Justice Kay decided in favour of the father, whose legal rights were undoubted, and against whose character no charge had been suggested. If, the Judge remarked, the youth did get into the Army—which in these days was not certain—he would have only his pay to live upon, and this small sum of 600*l.* would certainly vanish, leaving him, unless he were exceptionally fortunate or exceptionally clever, in a position far inferior to that in which he would be if he went with his father to Manitoba and engaged in a calling in which the 600*l.* would be of immense advantage to him. It would, Mr. Justice Kay added, be an unfortunate thing for him if he were put into a position in the Army which he had no claim to fill, and which would make him in after life a gentleman beggar.

A YOUNG GENTLEMAN of good family, living with his stepfather, was in the habit of borrowing from a young friend small sums amounting ultimately to 135*l.*, promising repayment when he came of age. After that consummation the lender applied for repayment, and among the pleas with which the application was met was that of infancy. The lender brought an action, and stated in evidence that he never advanced the money but for such necessities as dinners and luncheons, clothes, and the redemption of articles which the borrower had pawned. The jury gave him a verdict for 135*l.*, and the quondam "infant" applied to the Queen's Bench to have the verdict set aside, mainly under the Infants' Relief Act; but he did not deny his promises to pay, or go himself into the witness-box. The two judges of the Queen's Bench Division agreed that the plaintiff had a right in equity to defend the verdict, but they disagreed as to the application of the money borrowed. Mr. Justice Manisty held that it was not supplied for necessities, while Mr. Baron Huddleston took a view favourable to

the lender, remarking that in his opinion this was one of the hardest cases in which the defence of infancy was set up, the plaintiff being a young gentleman who had lent these sums to his young friend from time to time at his urgent entreaty, and to save him from falling into the hands of the money-lenders. As a consequence of the disagreement of the Judges, the verdict stands, subject of course to appeal.

THE QUESTION, as regards oysters, what are "natives?" has been decided by Mr. Justice Stirling, who was asked for an injunction to restrain the sale as "Whitstable native oysters" of oysters which were brought from elsewhere, and matured at Whitstable. The decision was that molluscs with such a history might be called "Whitstable oysters," but not "Whitstable native oysters," it being proved in evidence that oysters which had come into being at a few specified places on the coast of Essex were alone known in the trade as "natives." The particular oysters in dispute had come from the French coast.



THE musical world gathered in great force at the PRINCE OF WALES's Theatre, on Tuesday afternoon, to witness the first performance of a new play, entitled *Tares*, written by Mrs. Oscar Beringer, wife of the well-known musical professor. *Tares* proved to be a piece with numerous clever sketches of character, and much equally clever dialogue; but its story is unfortunately not pleasing, and it is set forth in a way that puzzles and perplexes the spectator, who is not permitted to know the secret on which it turns until the action is drawing to a close. The heroine, played by Miss Achurch, in her pretty, but rather affected, fashion, has for seven years devoted herself to a foundling left as a mere infant at the doors of her father's rectory. Who are the parents of this little boy is the mystery of the play. The Rector's daughter, on wholly insufficient evidence, has come to the conclusion that the little boy's father is no other than her accepted suitor, Nigel Chester; the accepted suitor, on the other hand, has a correspondingly disagreeable suspicion regarding the identity of the child's mother. And yet, as it proves after some not very edifying recriminations, the little boy is Chester's illegitimate offspring, of whose existence we are asked to believe that he has had no knowledge. There was some good acting to atone for these defects, notably on the part of Miss Sophie Eyre, Mr. Forbes Robertson, Miss Stella Brereton, and Miss Vera Beringer, a little lady who played the character of the child with really marvellous ease and vivacity, and the play was received with much favour by an indulgent audience. Mrs. Beringer acknowledges slight obligations to a play by Freytag, the German novelist and dramatist.

The revival of the late Mr. Tom Taylor's play *The Ticket of Leave Man* at the OLYMPIC, where it was originally produced a quarter of a century ago, affords to the new generation of playgoers an opportunity of seeing under favourable conditions one of the best—we may even say the very best—domestic drama of modern times. As is well known, the piece is of French origin; but it is adapted to English life with remarkable skill, and is interesting and thoroughly wholesome. The revival has the merit of presenting Mr. Henry Neville and Mrs. Stephens in their original characters. With the other names of the original cast death has been busy, though Mr. Soutar, the original Green Jones, is still to the fore, as is Mrs. Gaston Murray, the first impersonator of Miss St. Evremond. These latter two parts are now efficiently filled by Mr. Smedley Yates and Miss Bealby. Mr. Yorke Stephens displays a very effective self-possession and decision in the part of Hawkshaw the detective, and the cast has the additional advantage of a tender and pleasing heroine in Miss Florence West; a clever and sprightly Sam Willoughby in Miss Helen Leyton; and a most artistic Jim Dalton in the person of Mr. Willard. Those who have not seen *The Ticket of Leave Man* should not miss this favourable opportunity.

The Ash Wednesday Dramatic Ball will take place at the Freemasons' Tavern, on the 15th inst.

Joan of Arc is just now the most popular of stage heroines in France. No fewer than three plays in which she figures are coming out in Paris.

The recent performance at the LYCEUM for the benefit of the sufferers by the fire at the Grand Theatre has yielded a profit of more than 400*l.*

Patrons of the SAVOY will be glad to know that Miss Jessie Bond has sufficiently recovered from her severe illness to resume her performance in *H.M.S. Pinafore*.

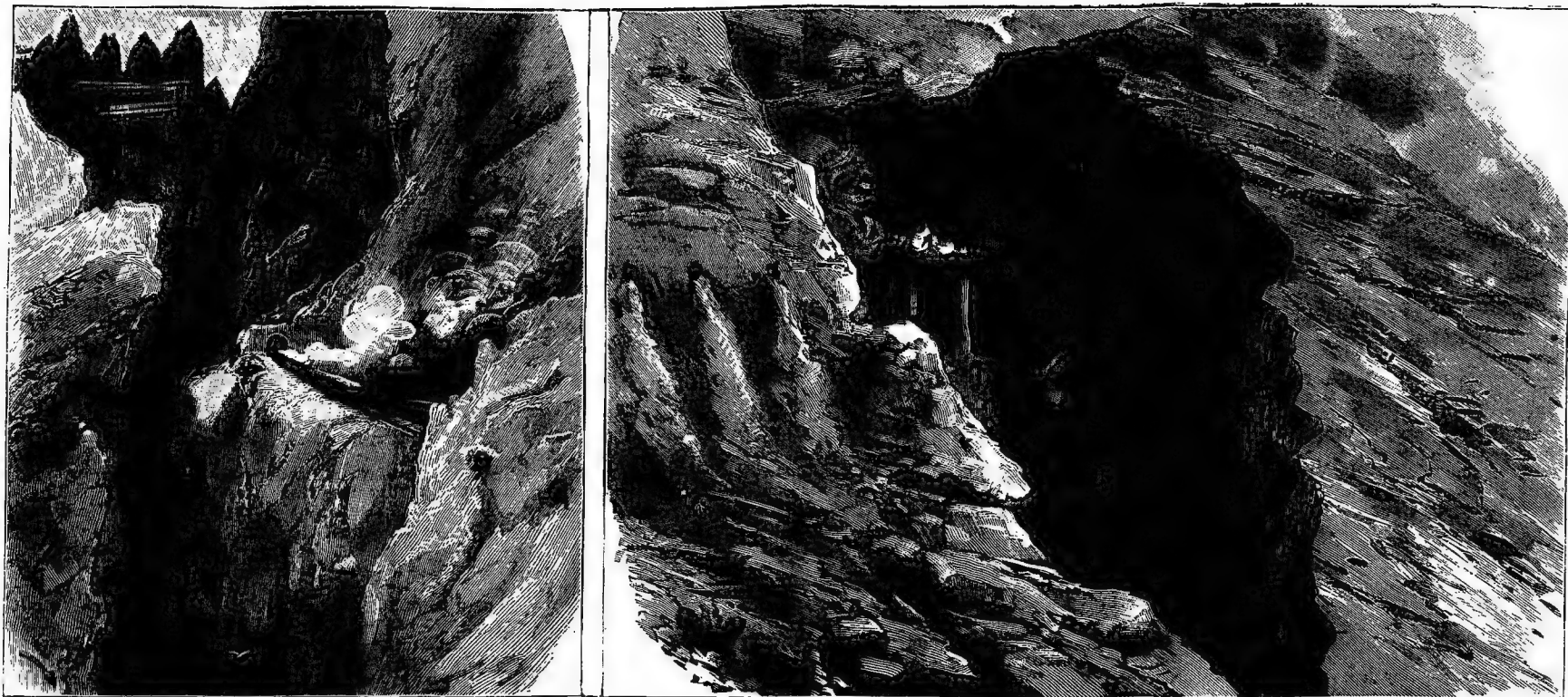
The new play in preparation at the OPERA COMIQUE, by Mrs. Campbell-Præd and Mr. Richard Lee, is to be called *Ariane*, and not *Wedlock*, as originally intended. Mrs. Bernard Beere plays the heroine.

Mr. Henry Betty, whose liberality to the dramatic profession is well known, has offered to the Committee of the Actors' Benevolent Fund the sum of 200*l.*, provided that the Committee will incorporate the Orphans' Home with the above-named Fund. The present Committee hesitate to accept the proposal, because their term of office is just about to expire, but Mr. Betty considers that they possess equal powers with the new Committee which will be elected in March, and therefore desires an immediate decision.



THE TURF.—The weights for the Spring Handicaps and the Grand National were published last week. For the latter event Roquefort is once more accorded the heaviest burden, 12 st. 7 lb., a pound less than he carried last year. Gamecock, who won last year under 11 st., has 12 lb. more. Merry Hampton heads the list of candidates in the Lincolnshire and Leicestershire Handicaps with 8 st. 12 lb. and 9 st. 10 lb. respectively, and has 8 st. 10 lb. in the City and Suburban, but in the last-mentioned event, Kilwarlin, the St. Leger winner, gives the Derby hero a couple of pounds. Gay Hermit is at the top in the Chester Cup and Babraham Plate with 9 st. 2 lb. and 9 st. respectively, while in the Great "Jubilee" Stakes at Kempton Park Minting has the heavy burden of 10 st. All the above have accepted, with the exception of Roquefort and Gay Hermit.

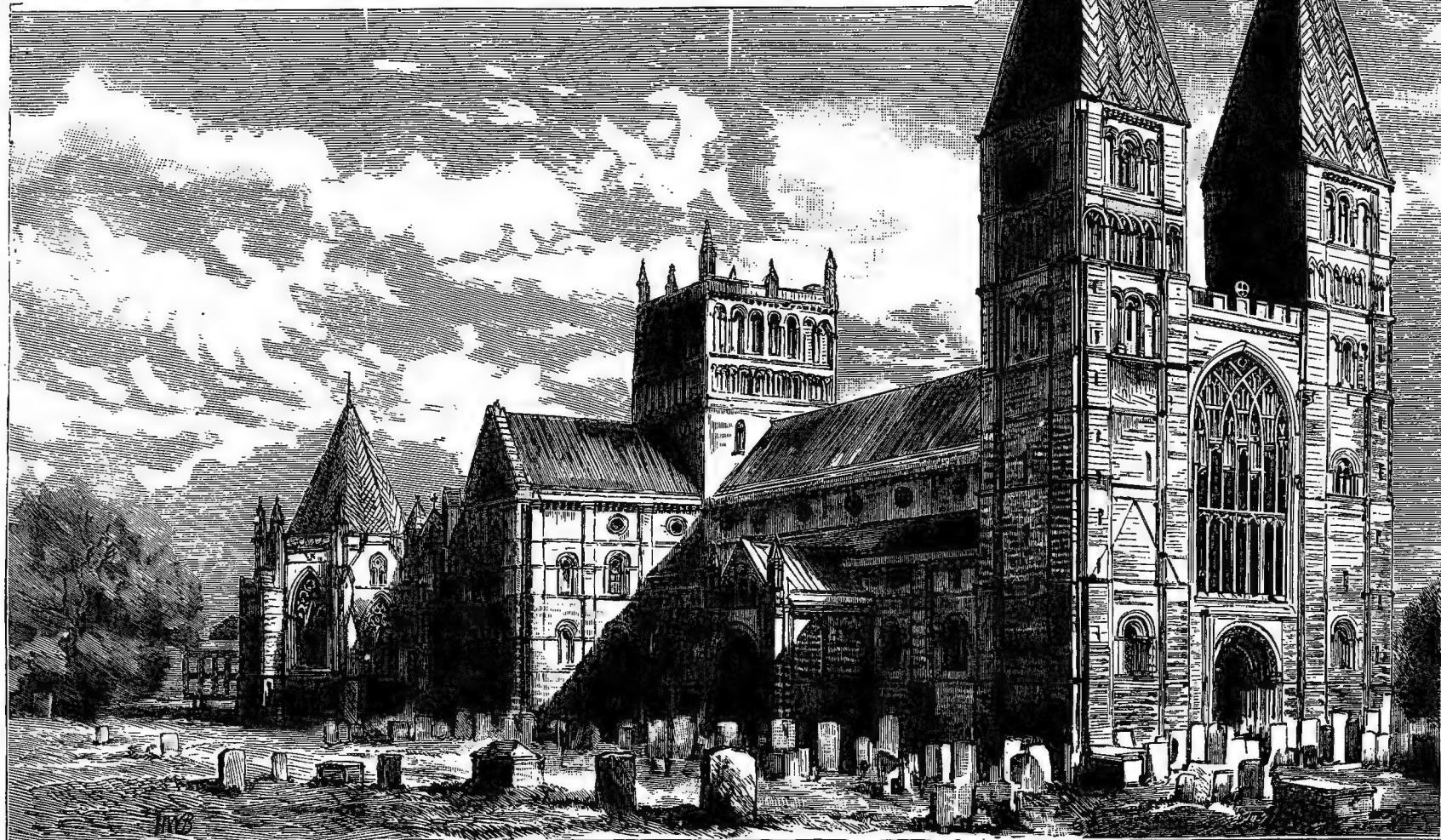
With the exception of the Manchester Meeting at the end of last week, there has been no racing of importance since we last wrote. From now, however, right up to December the ball will be kept rolling almost without a pause. On Friday, at Manchester, Mr. Benzon's Kilworth, Captain E. R. Owen up, won a Hunters' Hurdle Race Plate, and the same owner's Chancery, ridden by Captain Fisher, secured the Manchester Handicap Steeplechase, while Brenhilda won a Handicap Hurdle Race Plate. Both the last-named and Chancery, however, found their 10 lb. penalties too much for them next day. Chancery was beaten by Sophist in the



INDIAN FRONTIER DEFENCE—THE CHUPPER RIFT, ON THE HURNAL RAILWAY, WHICH CONNECTS QUETTA WITH INDIA

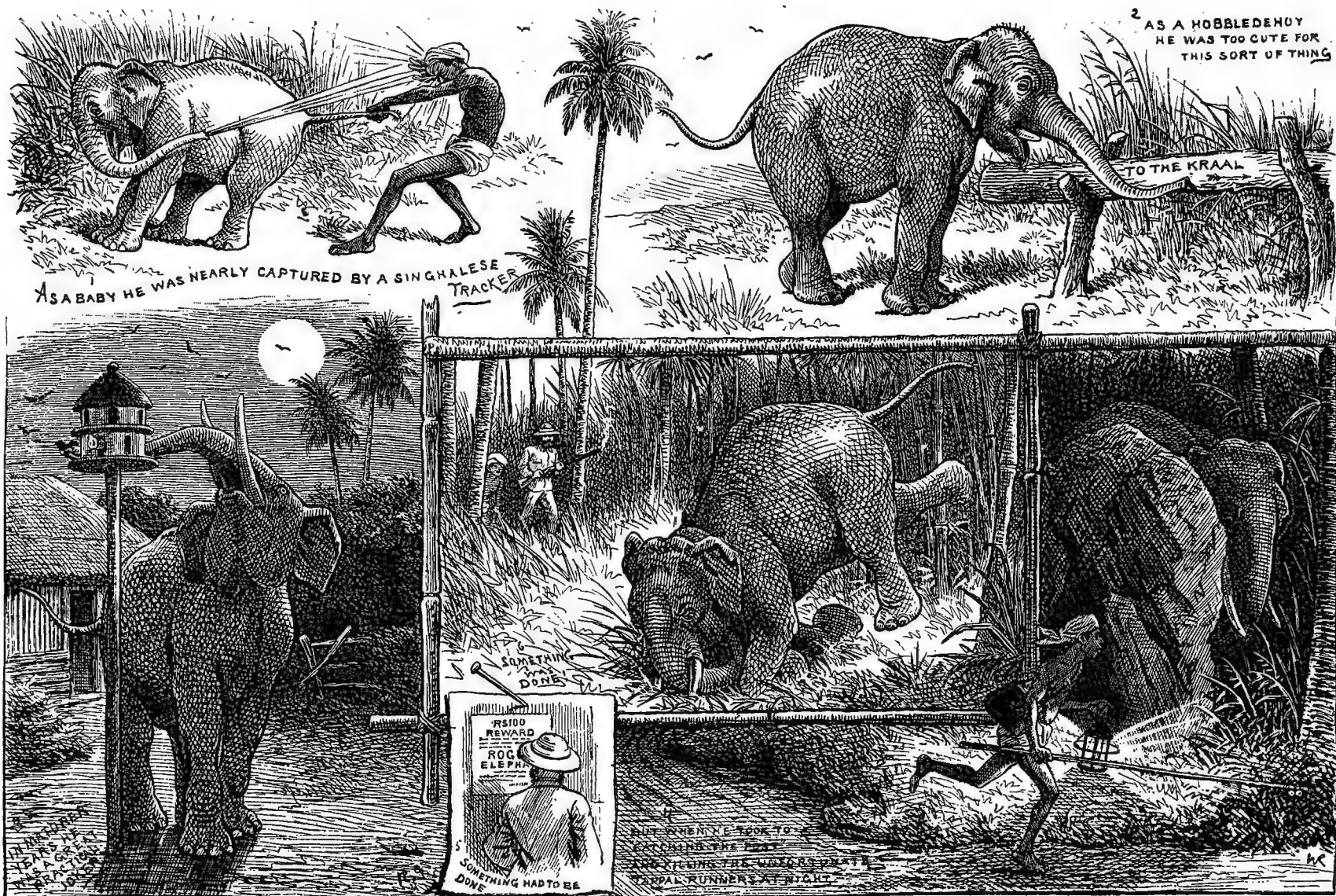


THE CATHEDRAL FROM THE SOUTH-EAST, BEFORE THE RESTORATION



THE CATHEDRAL FROM THE NORTH-WEST, SINCE THE RESTORATION

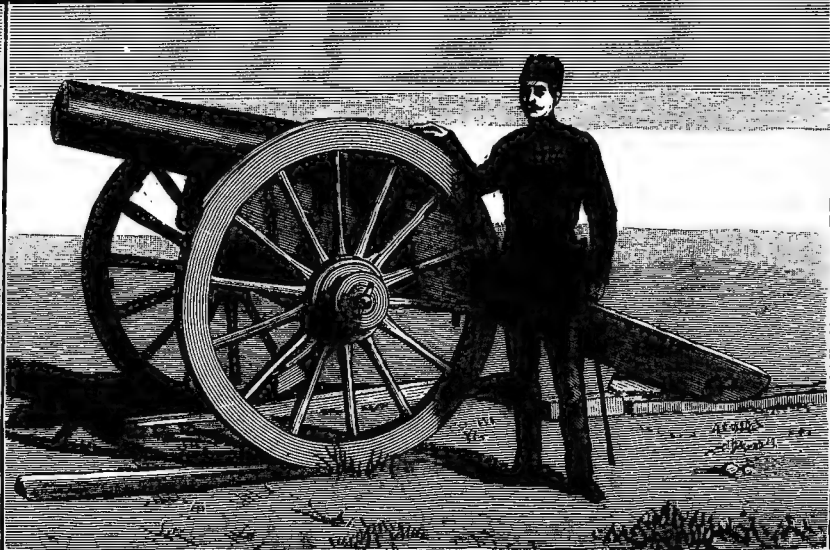
THE RESTORATION OF SOUTHWELL CATHEDRAL



THE CAREER OF A ROGUE ELEPHANT

MR. F. H. SNYDER
The Inventor

SIDE VIEW OF THE TARGET AFTER THE EXPLOSION OF ONE DYNAMITE SHELL UPON IT



FRAMEWORK AT THE BACK OF THE TARGET, MADE UP OF 12-IN. LIVE OAK TIMBERS

6-IN. RIFLED BREECH-LOADING FIELD HOWITZER USED FOR THE TRIALS

THE DEFENCES OF THE DARDANELLES
EXPERIMENTS WITH THE SNYDER DYNAMITE SHELL AT CONSTANTINOPLE

Trafford Park Handicap Steeplechase, and Brenhilda by Dan Dancer in the Second January Hurdle Race. Kilworth, however, scored another win in the Hunters' Steeplechase Plate.

After a lengthy correspondence between Mr. James Lowther and Lord Edward Somerset, the latter has been able to prove that Carlton's walk-over for the Jockey Club Cup was not the result of an arrangement, and consequently the Cup, which had been withheld on this ground, has been handed over to him by the Stewards.

FOOTBALL.—The sixth round of the Association Cup furnished one great surprise in the defeat of Blackburn Rovers by Derby Junction. The losers have protested, on the ground that the field was not fit for play. Crewe Alexandra defeated Middlesbrough, and Preston North End Sheffield Wednesday. The Old Carthusians sustained very bad luck in their match with West Bromwich Albion. After having got so far in the competition, in spite of the absence of P. M. Walters, Amos, and C. A. Smith, they were further weakened by Cobbold's inability to play, by A. M. Walters' recent accident, which prevented him being in his usual form, and, finally, by losing Locker, their other back, who broke his collar-bone five minutes after play began. In spite of this, they played up well, and were only beaten by four goals to two. The annual match between Glasgow and Sheffield resulted, as usual, in the victory of the Scotchmen. Cambridge University beat Old Etonians and Notts Forest, but were defeated by Burnley, and the last-named have played draws with Corinthians and Long Eaton Rangers. Oxford beat Corinthians and Berks and Bucks, but were defeated by Mitchell's St. George's. Northamptonshire beat London (Reserves), and Aston Villa defeated Blackburn Olympic and Mitchell's St. George's.

The Rugby game also furnished a couple of surprises last week. Blackheath had the best of their return match with Richmond, and won (their first victory in this match for three seasons) by a dropped goal to nil. Then in the Hospital Cup Guy's, who were strong favourites, were beaten by St. Thomas's by a goal (dropped) to a try. The winners, who had just before beaten East Sheen, should have a good chance now of ultimate victory.

BILLIARDS.—Last week's results were—McNeill easily defeated Richards in their spot-barred match; Peall just defeated Roberts in a similar contest; and Sala beat Green with consummate ease for the Championship of Scotland. This week White (who receives 2,000 in 10,000) seems likely to defeat North in their spot-barred match, while the Champion will have all his work cut out for him to catch Mitchell, who receives 4,500 in 12,000, spot barred. Sala and McNeill are likely to be matched, and also Cook and North.

THE UNIVERSITY BOAT RACE is fixed for Saturday, March 29th. Various causes have interfered with practice. Perhaps for this reason the Dark Blues will go straight from the Isis to the tideway instead of, as usual, breaking the journey at Cookham. Both the Cam and the Isis were frozen over on Monday. On Tuesday changes were made in both crews, the most important being at at Oxford, where W. F. C. Holland, B.N.C., occupied the stroke thwart instead of Frere, while the coxswain also was changed.

COURSING.—In the Great Champion Stakes at Kempton Park Huic Holloa, who won last year, was beaten by Redvale in the third tie, while in the fourth Greater Scot, last year's runner-up, finished dead lame, and was beaten by Holmby. Finally Holmby, who curiously enough was the last dog drawn, defeated Mullingar, and was hailed the winner.

CRICKET.—Shaw and Shrewsbury's team beat twenty-two of Orange by an innings and 70 runs. Mr. Vernon's eleven made 279 against 18 of Tasmania, but the Vandemonians astonished them by replying with 405 for thirteen wickets; and the match was left drawn.—The Lancashire County Cricket Club have a bank balance of 3,500*l.* Lucky Lancashire!

CYCLING.—The N. C. U. have at last decided that all amateur cyclists taking part in road races shall be disqualified—one year for first offence, permanently for second. Howell and W. Wood are matched for a fifteen-mile race at North Shields for 50*l.* a-side.

MISCELLANEOUS.—In the new tennis-court (opened on Saturday) at the Queen's Club, Mr. Heathcote and G. Lambert played a draw, while C. Saunders defeated A. White, who played instead of the Hon. A. Lyttelton.—The Lea Harriers defeated Oxford University in a cross-country run last week, though Mr. E. M. Jones, New College, was the first man home.—For some occult reason a National Lawn Tennis Association has been formed.



I.

The attitude of Tory conventions at Oxford and elsewhere, towards the demand for votes by certain women, has provoked Professor Goldwin Smith to severe remonstrance. He contributes therefore to the *National Review*, "Conservatism and Female Suffrage," which is distinctly a brilliant paper, though this was only to be expected, and resumes ably the objections felt to what the writer calls "further bedevillings of the franchise."—Mr. Alfred Austin has a very clever bantering article on "Mr. Matthew Arnold on the Loves of the Poets," in which he twits the apostle of Sweetness and Light with having shown unexpectedly his inbred Philistinism. Says Mr. Austin, "There is such a thing as *le diable dans le corps*; and so many people have it, more or less, that they have a fellow feeling for those who have it egregiously and extravagantly, which makes them wondrous kind. When these exceptional 'devils of fellows,' write *Manfred*, or 'An Ode to the West Wind,' 'the fellow-feeling waxes into monstrous partiality and complete forgiveness.'—Canon Gregory's paper 'The Extension of the Episcopate,' has a notable suggestion for the lowering of episcopal incomes to meet the present distress.—Sir Stafford Northcote, M.P., rectifies an error into which Lord Coleridge recently fell, in his oratorical memorial to his friend, with 'The Marquis of Wellesley and the Earl of Idlesleigh.'

The frontispiece of *Scribner* is a fine engraving by Mr. G. Kruell of Felix Mendelssohn-Bartholdy, whose letters to Moscheles are edited for this and the March number of the Magazine by Mr. William P. Apthorp.—Mr. W. S. Shaler contributes an instructive and useful article on "Volcanoes," richly illustrated by many competent artists.—Mr. Robert Louis Stevenson writes one of his charming fanciful essays called "The Lantern Bearers." Starting with the joy of the boy walking at night with consciousness of a bull's-eye lantern in his belt, he goes on to give us a glimpse of his drift. "It is said that a poet has died young in the breast of the most stolid. It may be contended, rather, that this (somewhat minor) bard in almost every case survives, and is the spice of life to his possessor. Justice is not done to the versatility and the unplumbed childishness of man's imagination. His life, from without, may seem but a rude mound of mud; there will be some golden chamber at the heart of it, in which he dwells delighted; and for as dark as his pathway seems to the observer, he will have some kind of a bull's-eye at his belt."

Murray opens with a contribution by the Duke of Argyll to the mass of essay literature evoked by "The Life of Darwin." His Grace holds that Charles Darwin was, beyond all doubt, one of the greatest observers of nature that have ever lived, and that his methods and his habits of observation will yet bear more abundant

fruit in days far on, when the special hypotheses with which he connected them will have given place to more adequate conceptions of the mysteries of organic life.—Mr. Samuel Montagu puts in "A Plea for a British Dollar," from the introduction of which coin he anticipates our adoption of the decimal system and numberless other blessings.

In the *Century* Mr. Theodore Roosevelt is very readable and full of interest about "The Ranch Life of the Far West," whose wild social condition is vividly brought before the reader by the striking illustrations of Mr. Frederic Remington.—Mr. James Russell-Lowell is in his element in treating of "Walter Savage Landor," and this paper is followed by "Some Letters to Miss Mary Boyle;" by the subject of "Hosea Biglow's" essay.—Full of pathetic suggestiveness too, is Mr. George Kennan's "A Russian Political Prison."—Cynical amusement may be derived from Mr. Ernst Von Hesse-Wartegg's "The European Craze for Decorations."

The frontispiece of *Harper* is "Une Jetée en Angleterre," from an etching by Félix Buhot. On this artist, as painter and etcher, Mr. Philippe Burty writes pleasantly, inserting in the text of his paper some admirable specimens of the author's work.—Mr. H. Farnham's descriptive article on "Quebec" is a capital one, and so also is another illustrated, and first paper, by Mr. W. D. Howells, on "A Little Swiss Sojourn."

In *Longman* appears the second of Mr. W. Archer's excellent papers on "The Anatomy of Acting," full of interesting histrionic experiences gathered by the writer from various actors. "On a bitterly cold night in America," writes Mr. Wilson Barrett, "when the thermometer has been fifteen degrees below zero, and I have stood shivering in the wings waiting for my entrance in *Hamlet*, I have been in profuse perspiration before I had half finished a scene." "Emotion while acting," writes Mr. Howe, "will induce perspiration much more than physical exertion. I always perspired profusely while acting Joseph Surface, which requires little or no exertion."—Mr. W. E. Norris has a bright little story, "A Queer Business," in this magazine.

Temple Bar is as good as ever. "Bayard," in "The Romance of History" Series, is a first-rate historical biography, and the same praise may be safely awarded Lady Jackson's "Jean Siffrein Maury."—The French verses by Mr. F. M. Sartoris strike us as pretty. How they might affect a French critic, fastidious as to all the nuances of his language, we will not venture to guess.—Mr. Hawley Smart gives an example of his fictional skill in one department of English life with "The Five Horse-Shoes."

A wonderful deal of special knowledge apart from well-trodden paths is shown by the writer of "Poachers and Poaching" in this month's *Cornhill*.—"The Burman at Home" is also readable, from its knowledge of an out-of-the-way domestic life.—"A Tumbler of Milk" is a well-told light story of refined social comedy.

The frontispiece of the *English Illustrated* is an engraving, by R. Taylor, from Rembrandt's picture of an "Old Lady," in the National Gallery.—Besides the serial matter, there is in the magazine an excellent paper, by Mr. Benjamin Scott, beautifully illustrated, on "The Weasel and His Family."—Mr. Harrison Weir will be read with interest by all who have a *penchant* for poultry in his essay on "Fowls."

The most noticeable feature in the *Atlantic Monthly*, apart from serials, is Mr. James Russell Lowell's poem, "Endymion: a Mystical Comment on Titian's 'Sacred and Profane Love.'" Of its metre and manner four lines may give some slight idea:—

Mine be the love that in itself can find
Seed of white thoughts, the lilies of the mind,
Seed of that glad surrender of the will
That finds in service self's true purpose still.

Mr. Frank Gayford Cook is instructive, and shows varied information in "The Marriage Celebrations in Europe;" while "Patrick Henry" is presented to the reader not only as the orator, but as the man of culture.

A new venture in the magazine world, and one that appears to merit sympathy, is *Italia*. It is based on the conviction that there is now in Italy a by no means inconsiderable movement in the intellectual, political, and commercial life, which is not so well known abroad as the life of other nations. The object of *Italia* is to call the attention of the foreign reader to the best Italian publications, to make them known to him, either completely or in their substance, as the case may be. We wish the undertaking all the success it craves amongst that Anglo-American public which is interested in things Italian.

The frontispiece of the *Magazine of Art* is a really beautiful photograph of Mr. James Bertrand's painting of "Virginia."—Miss Katharine Tynan has a pleasant paper on "Irish Types and Traits."—Mr. C. N. Williamson, in "The Saône as a Sketching-Ground," condenses the material supplied by Mr. Philip Gilbert Hamerton's recent work on this subject with excellent judgment.

An etching by Mr. Macbeth Raeburn from Mr. J. Pettie's "Ho! Ho! Old Noll!" forms the frontispiece of the *Art Journal*.—Dog-lovers will be pleased with Miss Eve Blantyre Simpson's "Some French Historic Dogs."—Miss Helen Zimmern is also as good reading as ever with "Edoardo Dalbono."

The *Camera* for this month has an interesting article, "A Peep at Rochester," by the editor, Mr. T. C. Hepworth, illustrated by two photographic prints of the interior of the Cathedral. Certainly for amateur photographers a better hunting-ground could scarcely be found than this picturesque old city, with every corner redolent of Charles Dickens. There are also some good articles on "Retouching," on "Registering the Lines of Exposure in Instantaneous Photography," on "Lantern Slides," and on "Flowers and Still Life"—a branch of art far more neglected than it deserves. Mr. George T. Ferneynough also gives us some interesting experiences in Natal in his first instalment of "On the War-Path with a Camera."

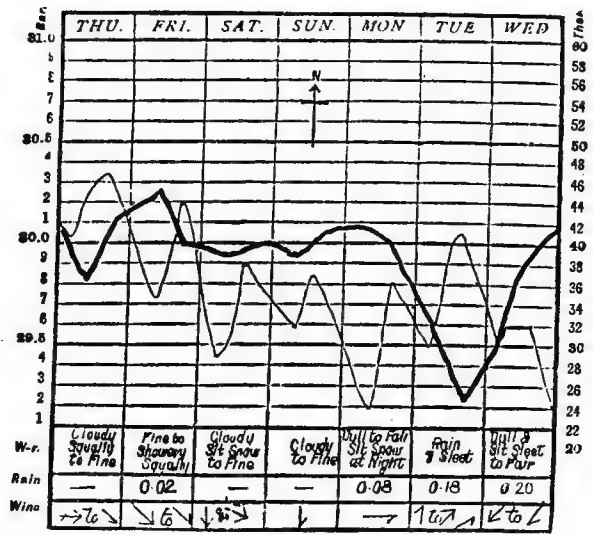
Little Folks, in addition to two serial stories, contains a number of shorter stories and amusing sketches, including, amongst others, "Our Children's Party, and How it Was Managed," which contains many acceptable hints for amusing juvenile guests; "A French Peasant's Spectacles," by David Ker; "Some Curious Belgian Customs," by E. M. Waterworth; "Who Stole the General's Top-Boots?" an amusing little boy's tale by Maggie Brown; "Lancelot's Levities," a fanciful series of drawings by Walter Crane; and the usual *olla podrida* for small children and for Sunday reading.

A new juvenile serial, *The Children's Magazine* (Seeley and Co.), has made its appearance this year, and to judge from the two first numbers, promises to become highly popular. The staff appears to be exceptionally strong, Professor Church opening the number with "Three Greek Children," Mr. P. G. Hamerton giving his "Recollections of a Tour in Wales," and Mrs. Marshall furnishing the serial story, "Chris and Tina." The illustrations are both plain and coloured, and a song, set to the music of a classical composer—such as Cherubini or Beethoven—is given in each number.

EMPEROR WILLIAM OF GERMANY'S NINETY-FIRST BIRTHDAY, in March next, is to be celebrated throughout the Army with special ceremony. It is proposed to present to every soldier a biography of his Sovereign, drawn up by several of the highest military officials, and revised and completed by the Emperor himself. The military side of Emperor William's career will be most prominent, and the cost of the work is to be defrayed by public subscription, the names of all the subscribers being collected in a book which will be presented to the Emperor on his birthday.

WEATHER CHART

FOR THE WEEK ENDING WEDNESDAY, FEBRUARY 1, 1888



EXPLANATION.—The thick line shows the variations in the height of the barometer during the week ending Wednesday midnight (1st inst.). The fine line shows the shade temperature for the same interval, and gives the maximum and minimum readings for each day, with the (approximate) time at which they occurred. The information is furnished to us by the Meteorological Office.

REMARKS.—Taken as a whole the weather of the past week has been rather changeable and cold, but more sunny than for some time past. At the opening of the period pressure was lowest to the Eastward, and highest to the South-Westward of our Islands, with gradients for strong North-Westerly winds or gales generally, and showers of cold rain, hail, or sleet in many places. By Saturday (28th ult.), the lowest pressures had shifted more to the Southward, while the highest barometric readings were found over our Islands; and while some modification in the distribution of pressure set in during the next day or two over the Continent, it still remained high over the United Kingdom. During this interval a few slight showers of snow continued to fall over our East Coasts, but on the whole the weather was fine, although temperature was decidedly lower than hitherto. Tuesday (31st inst.) ushered in a very distinct change in the distribution of atmospheric pressure and in the weather over the United Kingdom, the mercury by that time having fallen considerably, owing to a depression advancing from the Northward to Scotland. This disturbance, after producing heavy North-Westerly gales in the North-West, with showers of cold rain in most places, and hail or snow in others, subsequently moved Southwards with gradually moderating winds, and colder but somewhat improving weather. Temperature has been low generally. Sharp frost has occurred in most places, the lowest individual readings being reported from the East of England (Hillingdon) on Sunday morning (29th ult.), when the thermometer fell to 22° below the freezing point.

The barometer was highest (30.27 inches) on Friday (27th ult.); lowest (29.24 inches) on Tuesday (31st ult.); range 1.03 inch.

The temperature was highest (47°) on Thursday (26th ult.); lowest (24°) on Monday (30th ult.); range 23°.

Rain fell on four days. Total fall 0.25 inch. Greatest fall on any one day 0.18 inch on Tuesday (31st ult.).

THE COMICAL ANSWERS made by school-children to examination questions are not confined to England. A student at a high school in Auburn, Maine, U.S.A., wrote in his examination paper—"Anglo-Saxon was the first man who wrote the alphabet. He wrote it in Greek first, then came to America and taught it to the nation."

MEDICAL RELIEF is not always appreciated by the poor Chinese. Lately a blind fortune-teller was treated at the European Dispensary in Tientsin, who rushed away in horror on learning that his blindness was curable, declaring that if he regained his sight he should lose his livelihood, as people had more belief in a blind fortune-teller. Another blind beggar, who was cured of cataract, came afterwards to the doctor to insist on a situation being found for him. People would no longer reward his begging now that he could see.

PRAYERS FOR THE RECOVERY OF A SICK PERSON are sent up to Heaven by letter in China. A European, recently passing through the streets of a riverside town above Shanghai, noticed a house hung with blue lanterns—denoting half-mourning; while in the doorway were priests chanting and sounding gongs, and a man behind a large table busy folding letters. The owner of the house was dangerously ill, so a number of long letters were written to Heaven, circumstantially describing his sad case, and placed in elaborate official envelopes, duly stamped, and beautifully directed. These letters were then burnt—a sure method of reaching their address.

The "DOG-CORPS" in the French Army is being carefully trained at Belfort, and the pupils begin to do credit to their teachers. Huge dogs are chosen, and every day they are shown soldiers in German uniform and excited to fly at the pseudo enemies, being meanwhile kept in by a strong chain. This lesson learnt, the dogs are taken to the outposts, each attached to a sentinel, when presently a sham German saunters by. The dogs fly after him with such zeal that as a rule the soldier has to make for the nearest tree. One difficulty perplexes the authorities: the sporting dogs will neglect their man-hunting duties if they get scent of any more legitimate game, such as a partridge or a rabbit.

THE SEASON OF SMALL ART EXHIBITIONS has begun in Paris with the opening of the annual display at the Cercle Volney. Though most of the best-known Parisian artists contribute, the collection is a little disappointing, and below the usual average, for the 250 works shown only include a few of real merit. Portraits predominate—M. Carolus Duran has two, a speaking likeness of a little American girl and the nude study of a woman, M. Bonnat a solemn masculine portrait, M. Jules Lefebvre a charming young girl, and M. Henner one portrait and a Vosges landscape—calm after storm. M. Bouguereau's girl by a stream, M. Francois Flameng's soldiers of a century since, the vivid Venetian and Algerian scenes by MM. Ziem and Arcos respectively, are among the most striking works; while the theatrical success of the present season, M. Halévy's *Abbé Constantin*, forms the subject of a charming picture by M. Brisson. The "Mirlitons" Exhibition will be the next gathering of importance, followed by the "Lady Artists" and the "Independents."

CLAPHAM SCHOOL OF ART.—On Monday last the Prize-giving and Students' *soirée* was held in the new School, Vernon Road. Mr. W. H. Urwick was in the chair, and nearly 400 visitors were present. Mr. Oscar Wilde delivered a discourse on the advantages of Art to a nation, remarking that more art-teaching might be given in young persons' history-lessons than is usually the case. At Athens, Greek and Roman history is taught by works of art, pictures and other beautiful objects being exhibited in galleries for the good of all. Great advances in this direction, however, have been made in this country. Valuable pictures are no longer hidden away in private collections, but through loan-exhibitions, and such institutions as Toynbee Hall and the Bethnal Green Museum, are rendered occasionally accessible to the public. Art schools, also, have effected much good, and Mr. Wilde complimented the Head Master, Mr. L. C. Nightingale, on the students' drawings shown that evening. Some members of the Clapham Orchestral Society kindly provided some choice music, and the proceedings terminated with a students' dance, which lasted up to midnight.

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RHEUMATIC FEVER.—Dr. C. LEMPRIERE, D.C.L., Senior Fellow, St. John's, Oxford, writes:—"I can positively speak of its advantages."

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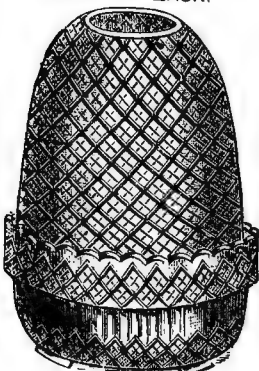
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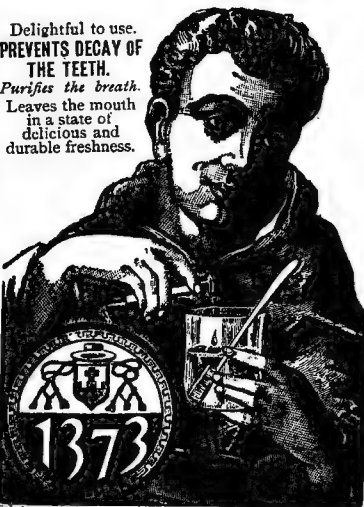
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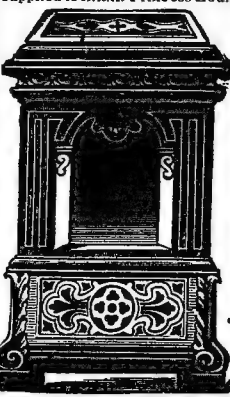
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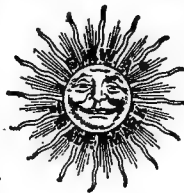
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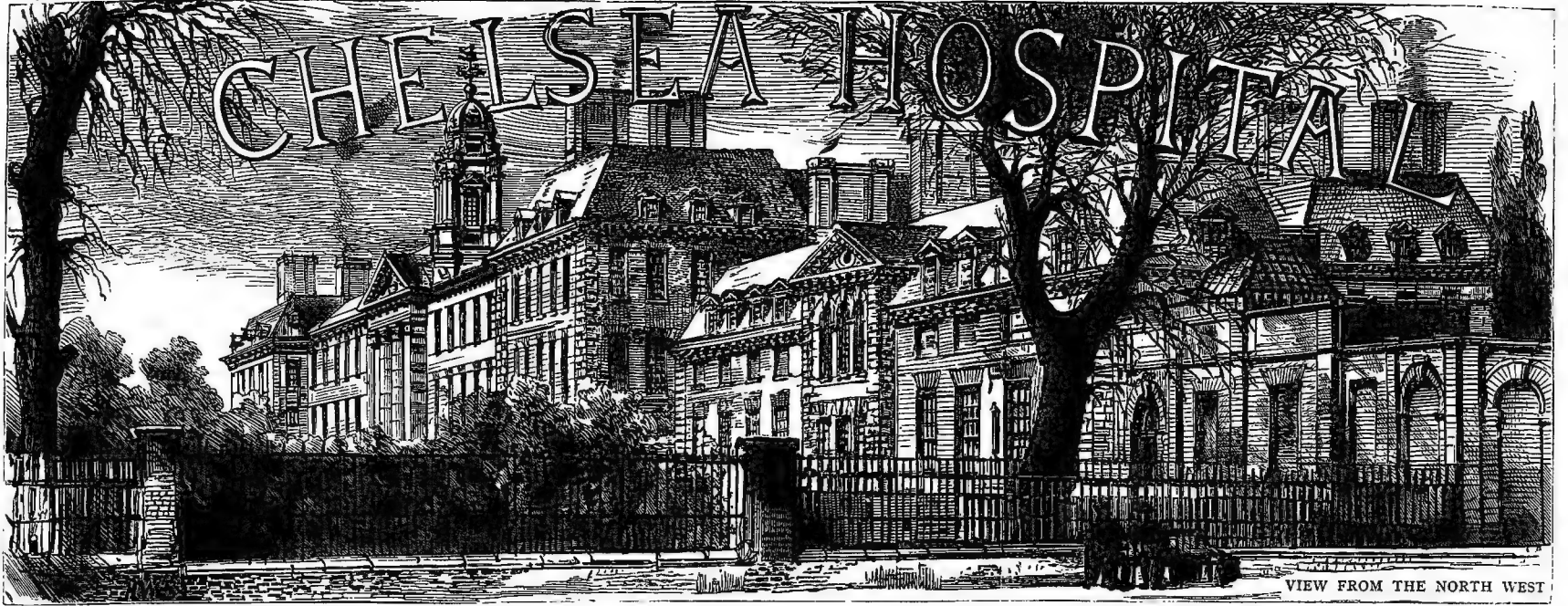
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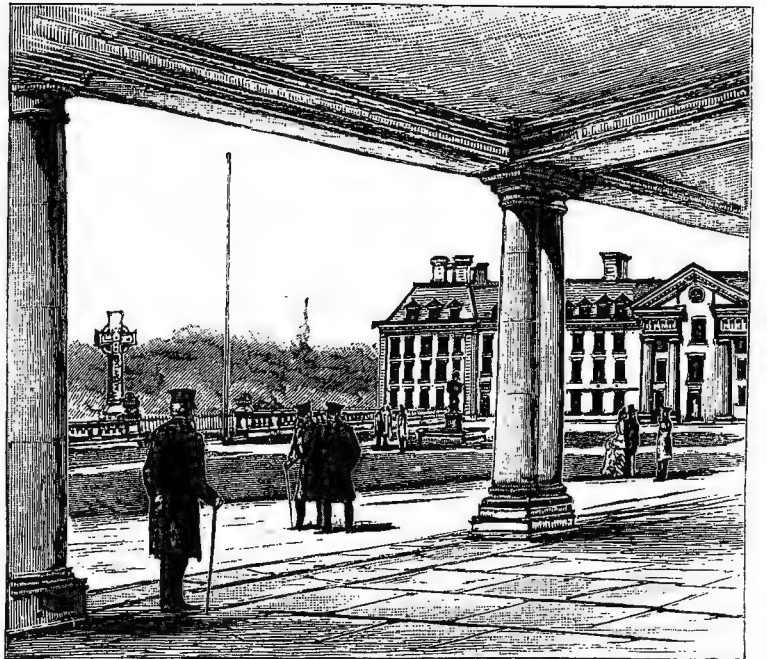
IN TWO PARTS—PART I.

"Charles the Second, by the Grace of God, King of England, Scotland, France, and Ireland, Defender of the Faith, &c. To all to whom these presents shall come, Greeting: Whereas We doe intend to erect an Hospital for the relief of such land Souldiers as are, or shall be, old, lame, or infirm in ye service of the Crowne, and to endow the same with a Revenue suitable thereunto," &c., &c.

SUCH IS THE PREAMBLE with which the Merry Monarch, on the 22nd December, 1681, issued his Letters Patent under the Great Seal, appointing a Receiver-General to take charge of such sums in money as His Majesty's faithful subjects might be disposed to contribute in furtherance of his benevolent purpose to found a home for his veterans. No earlier official record of his design survives. For two hundred years Chelsea Hospital has been an honour to his name, and a source of pride to the nation. Not less than 20,000 picked veterans have closed their days peacefully under its roof, and probably 500,000 have ended their time subsisting on the pecuniary benefits of its out-pension. Its name may be said to be familiar the world over, for these out-pensioners have lived not only in every corner of our kingdom, but in the various colonies, and many foreign countries besides.

It will therefore be of interest, as an accompaniment to the sketches of the artist, to review the history of this Hospital, describe the object it fulfils, and give our readers—particularly those in distant places—some idea of its constitution and present condition.

The design of the King was not wholly original, but the merit of bringing it into action was his, and it was not adopted a day too soon. The sufferings of old soldiers were extreme in those times. Under the military tenure of the feudal ages neither the monarch nor the nation was responsible for the support of the maimed or the worn out. How they fared cannot now be known. On the loosening of the feudal system they were cast between two stools, and a long time elapsed before any definite or adequate provision came to be made for them. Their grievances became a scandal to the country. They exposed themselves on the highways to the charity or pity of the wayfarers. Instances of this are not few in contemporary records, but in the absence of the public Press, which in our days is only too ready to give utterance to even a quasi-grievance, the remedy took long to come. In the thirty-fifth year of Elizabeth's reign an Act was passed, and at succeeding intervals the effort was renewed, to abate the scandal by making old soldiers a charge on their respective parishes, but what between the difficulty of reaching those parishes in the absence of any facilities of locomotion, questions of disputed domicile—of which the poor in our time have known a good deal—and the neglect of parochial officials, the soldier had rarely justice done, and numbers preferred to haunt the metropolis, where the wealthy, and perhaps the King himself, or at least his favourites, might be moved in their regard. They were sometimes successful, for the "Domestic State Papers" contain instances such as, "Grant to Edward Lloyd of a pension of 12*d.* a day for life, in consideration



THE PIAZZA



PENSIONERS LIGHTING UP

of hurts and maims received in the wars," "Grant to Wm. Evans, a maimed soldier, of an Alms House in Durham," "To Richard Franklin, an old soldier, the pension of 6l. a year from the revenues of Thornton College, Co. Lincoln, held by William Roth, now deceased," and so on. In the year 1598 there is a record of "A license to erect a Hospital in Buckingham for thirty-six maimed unmarried soldiers dwelling in the town or Three Hundreds of Co. Bucks, and to purchase land for their maintenance not exceeding 200l. a year." Whether erected we know not. In 1651 the House of Commons gave instructions to the Council of State to take care that maimed soldiers be relieved, and to "consider of a healthful place" for their residence ("Commons' Journals," Vol. VII., page 655), but no action on such orders can be traced.

Nor is this surprising. The regular soldier was not growing in Parliamentary favour at a time when he most required it, and the worst was yet to come. On the disbandment of the Army, 50,000 men were at once thrown on the world, with the memory, as Lord Macaulay remarks, that "under their dominion the King had been murdered, the

gave (or at all events intended to give) 100,000l. He is stated elsewhere to have given 13,000l. The accounts are preserved, and the sum was 1,300l. The Archbishop of Canterbury gave 1,000l., the Bishop of Winchester 500l., Mr. Tobias Rustat 1,000l. A sum of unapplied Secret Service Money, about 7,000l., existed, and this the King added to the subscriptions. With these sums he determined to proceed, Sir Stephen Fox being charged with the chief supervision. This Minister has, in consequence, been often mentioned as the founder of the Hospital, and a silly story transfers the credit from him sometimes to a very different Court favourite; but there was no reason whatever for depriving the King himself of the merit of launching the foundation, and forwarding the erection during the three remaining years of his reign. He did one "wise thing," the popular adage notwithstanding.

The location of the Hospital was probably not a matter of much debate. Chelsea will always be a favourite place of ease and retirement for Londoners, but in those days it was the haunt *par excellence* of every one of name, and particularly of those about the Court. A modern writer has pleas-

King in person on February 17th, 1682, attended by a great number of his courtiers. Sir Christopher Wren designed the intended structure, and, in addition to his connection therewith as architect, he was appointed to be one of the three Commissioners for the government of the Institution (and thus unhampered in the carrying out of his designs), the other two being Sir Stephen Fox, a Lord of the Treasury, and the Earl of Ranelagh, Paymaster-General. They were directed to draw up the rules, and consider "what was proper to be done."

The first thing proper to be done was to find money, for the voluntary donations would quickly be exhausted. As the public generally had failed to come with sufficient liberality to the assistance of the King, he determined to turn to the Army itself for support. This was given or obtained by a fixed deduction from the pay, by the contribution of a day's pay in the year from officers and soldiers, by a percentage on the sale and purchase of commissions, and so on. The mine thus opened proved sufficient, and in ten years the Hospital was completed at an expense of about 150,000l. Not a penny came from Parliamentary votes.



THE CHAPEL

nobility degraded, the landed gentry plundered, the Church persecuted. There was scarcely a rural squire who could not tell a story of wrongs and insults suffered by himself or his father at the hands of the Parliamentary soldiers."

On the restoration of Charles II. it was with great difficulty that he was enabled to form and maintain a small standing army, and after the lapse of twenty-five years, during which he and his successor had nursed and increased it, the numbers of all ranks only amounted to 7,000 foot and 1,700 horse soldiers, at a charge of 290,000l. a year. No non-effective charge existed, and no more money could be obtained. But we anticipate this date.

It was under discouraging circumstances such as these that the King undertook the task of founding a home for the scattered veterans by appealing to the public for voluntary aid. The appeal was not very successful, and it was repeated. But the response realised altogether sums not amounting to 20,000l. The donors at later periods received enhanced credit for generosity. Sir George Trevelyan, in his "Life of Charles Fox," states that Sir Stephen Fox

ingly described it as the Village of Palaces, which it truly was. King Henry VIII. erected a Palace there, in dangerous proximity to his Chancellor, and the Stuart Kings much esteemed the suburb and the pleasant drive of a couple of miles through green meadows gently sloping towards the river. Here James I., in his ardour for polemics, erected a Theological College, and incorporated it as the "College of King James at Chelsea," with its Provost and twenty Fellows. The College existed for thirty years. The incident is here mentioned, because Chelsea Hospital appropriated the site of this College, and its name in part, being locally known to the present day as "The College."

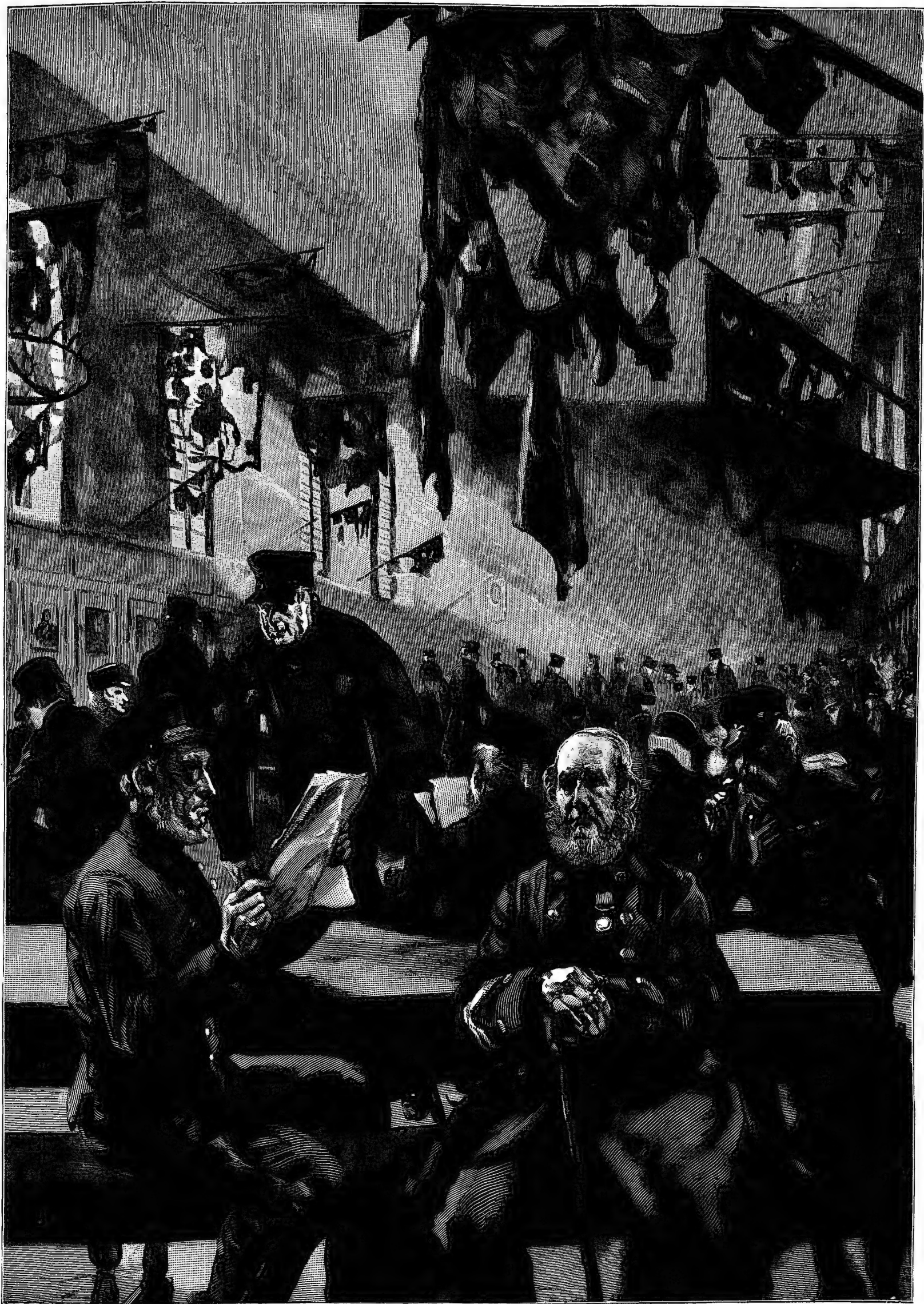
On the dissolution of the College, Charles II. granted its site of twenty-eight acres to his new Royal Society; but the Society failed to utilise it, and sold it to Sir Stephen Fox for the sum of 1,300l., for the purposes of the new Hospital. The Divinity College building had already been taken down, and not a trace of it remains.

The foundation stone of the Hospital was laid by the

Thus is explained the remarks of the Rev. G. R. Gleig (who, from being a combatant officer in the Peninsular War, and in America, where he was wounded, took Holy Orders, and became Chaplain of Chelsea Hospital and Chaplain-General of the Forces), in his "Traditions of Chelsea College:"—

"Within the walls of Chelsea Hospital the veteran has, indeed, nothing to complain of. But why? Because the establishment is his own, built by his own or his predecessors' money, supported out of funds which the nation never gave, and not, therefore, but for an error in policy which never ought to have been committed, depending in any degree upon the liberality of Parliament."

The remarks, though correct on the whole, need qualification. Parliament has for a long time been free from reproach in its treatment of the worn-out soldier, and Chelsea Hospital, drawing at the present day from the Votes 25,000l. a year for its internal support, and nearly two millions of pounds for its body of Out-Pensioners, is an evidence of public liberality which probably no other nation in the

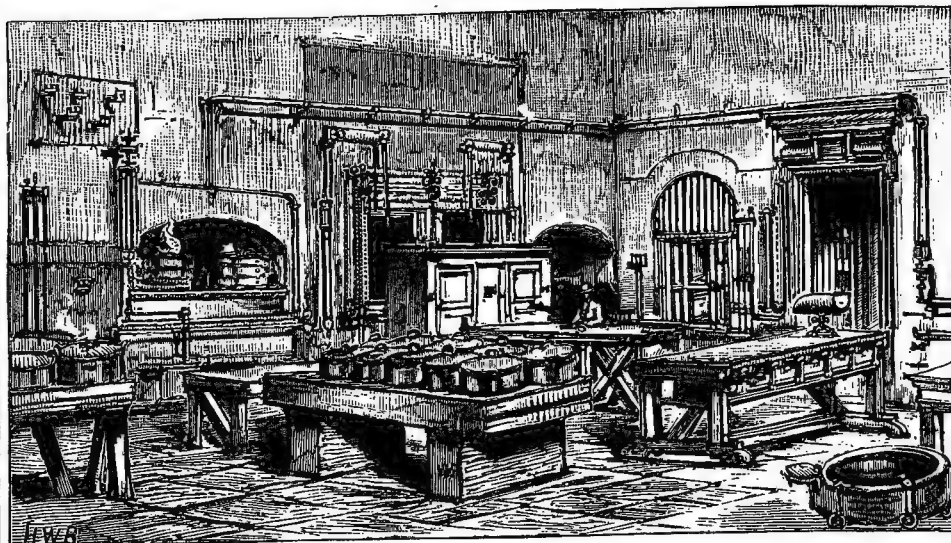


THE GREAT HALL AS A DAY-ROOM

CHELSEA HOSPITAL ILLUSTRATED



STAIRCASE TO WARDS



THE KITCHEN

have been made, but the general elevation and outlines remain unaltered. It was designed to accommodate about 450 soldiers, in hopes that no greater number would offer for admission, but this proved a serious miscalculation. The ten years occupied in building brought to light many more expectants than had been anticipated, and when the structure was completed there were at least 100 men whose claims were as urgent as any, but who could not be admitted. To these an allowance in money was given, pending future vacancies, and in this temporary allowance the Out-Pension System, which has since grown to such proportions, had its origin. The Standing Army of 8,700 men now numbers 250,000 in times of peace, the 100 Out-Pensioners have grown to 85,000.

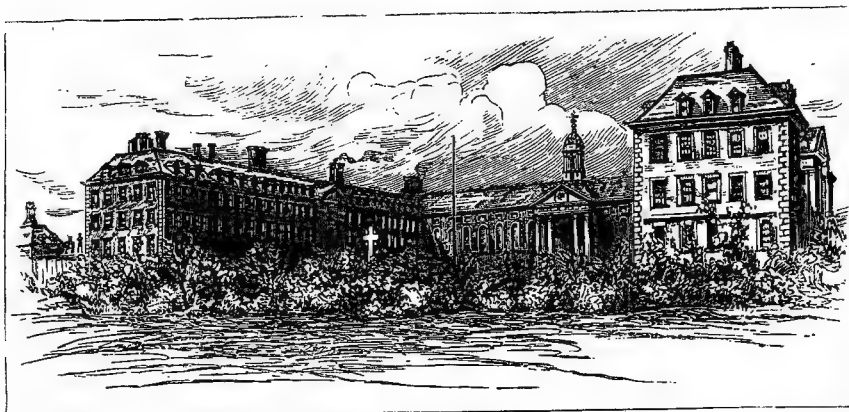
Had this enormous growth been foreseen, Chelsea Hospital would not have been built. The idea of collecting into one building such a vast number, or any considerable proportion of it, would have been preposterous, and hence the question has often been asked in modern years, What is the object of maintaining this Hospital?

The object has altered with the altered circumstances. A home originally intended for all decayed soldiers meriting a provision by past services has come to be the hospice for a select few, to whom an allowance in money could not bring, without co-operation, the comforts in housing, food, nursing, medical attentions, and other consolations befitting a British soldier in his declining days.

In civil life, our community founts and maintains at munificent cost refuges for the blind, the paralytic, the epileptic, and incurables from other causes. Considering the hardships of a soldier's life in extreme climates, and the effects on his constitution of diseases thus acquired, it may be readily inferred that in his days of decadence he must show an undue proportion of these evils of humanity, and that out of 85,000 men a vast number will be found to whom a home like Chelsea Hospital brings advantages beyond money value. Every year, therefore, it tends to become a Hospital or Infirmary merely, and a rigid refusal to admit within its walls any men who present no claims from extreme affliction will alone justify the foundation in the present day, and enhance its value. Many old men who have outlived domestic relations, and are unfitted to be of use to themselves or others, will doubtless be only too glad to smoke their pipe of peace in the society of old comrades in a comfortable place with not too much barrack discipline, but however desirable it may be to reward these veterans in every way, actual physical suffering deserves priority of relief. The statistics of the present condition of the Hospital appear to show that these considerations have their weight with the governing body, and they cannot be too much enforced.

We do not propose in these columns to give more than a general description of the arrangements of the institution, but before coming to the pensioners themselves a walk round the gardens (which are freely open to everyone) and the leading portions of the building (which are civilly shown by an attendant pensioner at the entrance) will be a good preliminary. J. D.

(To be continued)

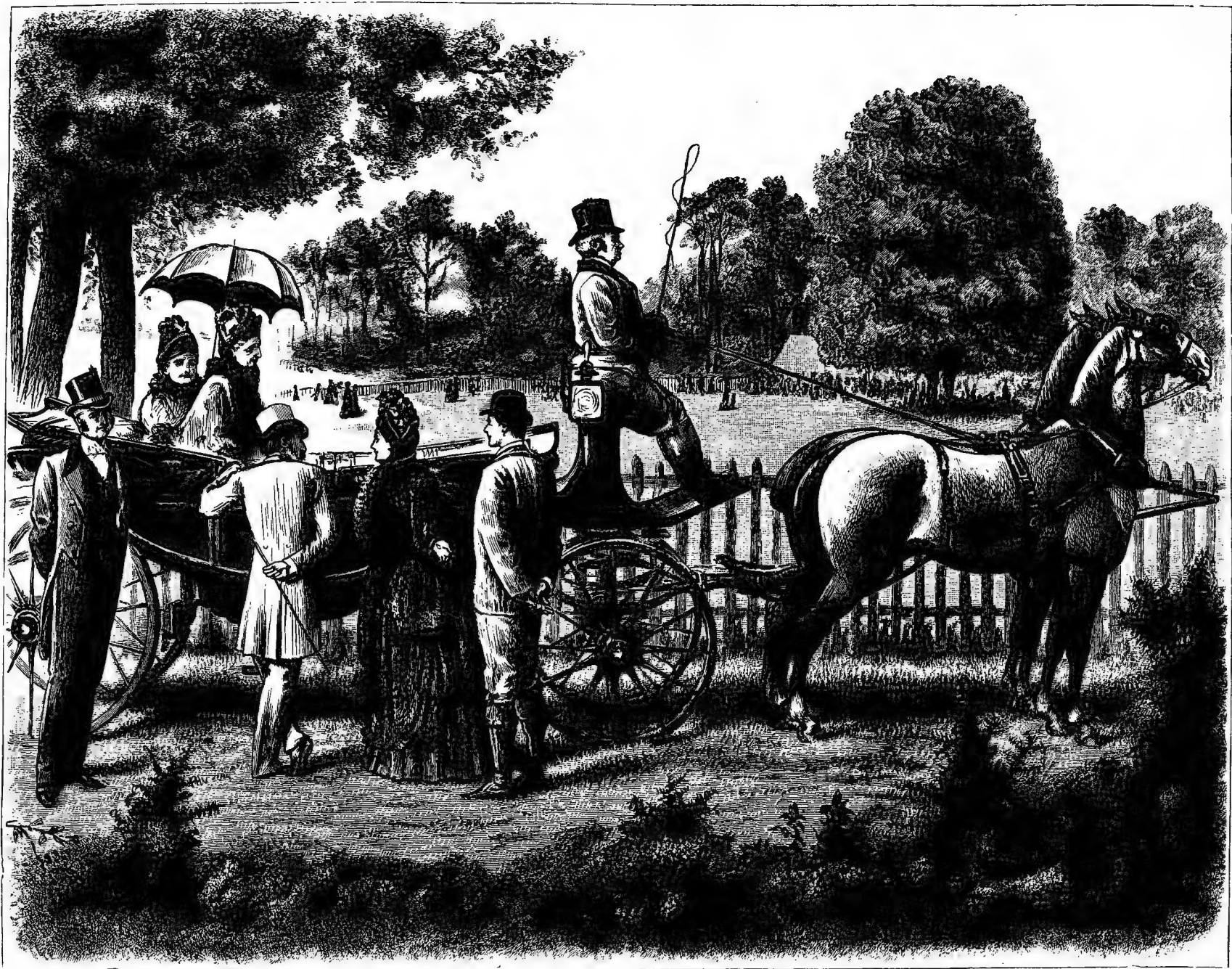


VIEW FROM THE RIVER

world can exhibit. The Hospital, however, does not cost anything like 25,000*l.* a year, as the In-Pensioners surrendered their out-pensions, and some of the charges are not for their support. The Hospital was opened in 1692. The writer has in his possession a print of it, bearing date a few years later, and it appears very much what it now is. A few outlying additions



A STROLL IN THE GARDENS



DRAWN BY GEORGE DU MAURIER

"That is my second son"

THE MYSTERY OF MIRBRIDGE

By JAMES PAYN,

AUTHOR OF "BY PROXY," "UNDER ONE ROOF," &C., &C.

CHAPTER IX.

THE PAVILION

THE Four Acre was a straggling, undulating field, with a sort of table-land in the centre sufficiently large and flat for cricketing. The games played upon it were of more than local importance, and at the top of the field was a permanent erection, called by courtesy "The Pavilion," where the elevens on both sides, with certain spectators of position, were wont to be entertained on match-days. It was not, however, large enough for the festivities consequent upon the home-coming of Sir Richard and his wife; and, therefore, a tent had been built out of it, furnished with three parallel tables, upon which a profusion of refreshments suited to juvenile tastes had been set out by the baronet's orders, but under the direction of Mrs. Thorne. To her it was owing that this simple meal had the appearance of a dinner à la Russe, so plentifully was it adorned with fruit and flowers. The head table, which was the prominent one, and dominated the others, though less gorgeous to the eye, was laden with more solid fare, designed for the tenants of the estate, among whom were the disappointed deputation: Jacob Austin, of the Home Farm, still distended, like an over-ripe pumpkin for whose seed there is no market, with his oft-conned speech; good-natured, easy-going John Wurzel, who had been living on his capital for the last ten years, with as much complacency as though it were dividends, and had still a hunter in his stable; and Ralph Ward, the Poor-Law guardian, who found an explanation for every form of depression, including that of the barometer, in the spread of what he called "eddication."

At two precisely the company sat down to their repast; but not till half-an-hour afterwards—such was the diplomatic arrangement of Mr. Morris—did the founder of the feast, with his lady on his arm, make his appearance. This was the signal not only for a great burst of cheering, but for the striking up of the village band with the pathetic strains of "Oh, Willie, we have missed you." Some of the tuneful nine (for, as it happened, that was their number) had been in favour of "Rousseau's Dream," as a pretty compliment to the nationality of her ladyship; but this had been overruled, chiefly by the opposition of the parish clerk, who had it on authority that Rousseau had been a Dissenter. It was really, as the *County Chronicle* subsequently described it, "an exhilarating scene." Flags of all nations, including those of the "Odd Fellows" and the "Village Foresters' Association," waved from the summit of the Pavilion and of the tents. The roar of the tenantry mingled with the shrill voices of the children, like the noise of heavy guns with that of small arms. Ralph Ward, who led the cheering, even threw his hat into the air, but not, it was noticed, recklessly; he suspended his

emotion, as it were, and withdrew his gaze from the objects of all this interest till he had caught it again. Even when on pleasure bent Mr. Ward had a frugal mind. One little boy, Tommy Stokes, compelled to rise from his unfinished bun (the ninth), uttered a piercing cry; but it was drowned in the universal acclaim.

Sir Richard and his wife, followed by their son and the land agent, had walked through the shrubbery, the gate of which opened on the Four Acre, but at a considerable distance from the Pavilion; and across this space the Rector now took his wife and daughters to welcome them. To the onlookers this made quite an historical picture, at which they cheered again.

"What a magnificent girl!" murmured Lady Trevor to her husband, as Clara drew nigh.

"Plenty of her indeed," was the smothered rejoinder; the Baronet was in no mood for æsthetic admiration; the task before him was most unsuited to his taste and capacities; if he could have smoked his cigar matters would have been more easy for him, but at a delicate hint from Mr. Morris he had just discarded that source of consolation. The last time he had been in that field, he had worn cricketing flannels and had made five runs, which had been a good average with him; from that very Pavilion he had slipped away during the luncheon hour, and met Letty Beeton by appointment in "The Lovers' Walk," not two hundred yards away. It had been a day full of anxiety and apprehension and remorse—still there had been youth and hope in it, and possibilities of all kinds; now nothing was left to him but gloss over the Irrecoverable. Oh woeful time when the best we can expect is that the worst shall be hid! To some men, even in old age, or when they have had warnings that they will never reach it, there are compensations. Their happiness is found in those they love. A forgotten line in reference to this suddenly recurred to his memory—"We go a wooing in our boys"—and sent a shiver through him. He heard his wife speaking softly to Mrs. Thorne; he took off his hat, and put out his hand to that lady mechanically. He was conscious of a general purring of congratulation, and mustered up a smile.

"My second son, Charley," said Lady Trevor, introducing him.

"My daughters have already had the pleasure of meeting you, I believe," said Mrs. Thorne, as she shook hands with the young man.

Neither Sir Richard nor his wife understood this remark, nor, indeed, took any notice of it; their minds were preoccupied.

The little procession moved towards the pavilion; the elders first, the three young people following them. Clara calm and stately as usual; Lucy with a much brighter colour than ordinary; Charley, between them, with a roguish look. He seemed perfectly at his ease, and even amused.

"Did you observe how *very* careful my mother was to introduce

me as her second son?" he observed, in a low voice, to Clara.

"One would have thought there were fourteen of us."

"No one who sees Lady Trevor would suppose that," was the quiet reply; "she might well be taken for your elder sister."

"Some people's elder sisters have a habit of snubbing them," he answered, with a sly glance at Lucy, who turned away her head.

"What two lovely daughters you have, Mrs. Thorne," murmured Lady Trevor, in gracious tones, the music of which seemed more captivating from the foreign accent that lingered about them. "I had no idea that Mirbridge could boast of so much beauty."

"I hope it does not do that," returned the Rector's wife, with a grave smile. "They are good-looking girls enough, however, and, I think I may add, good girls."

Lady Trevor's smile faded from her lips.

"If the face is an index of the mind," she answered sententiously, "it must be so."

The two gentlemen did not exchange a word. Sir Richard's lips moved, indeed, but with no attempt at conversation; those thoughts of the past had left him for a little, and he was swearing softly to himself at the uncongenial task that lay before him. The smile suitable to the occasion was hard to fix, and dropped away from his lips like a misfitting eyeglass from beneath the brow.

"We have a larger attendance at the school than when you were here last, I fancy," said the Rector, pointing to the long row of children, all eye and ear, through which they were passing. "The Government Inspector—"

"Which is he?" asked Sir Richard, looking vaguely about him.

"Nay, I was only about to say that he had been good enough on his last visit to express his satisfaction with our numbers. This is Mr. Wood, our excellent doctor."

The good-looking young fellow, slim, prim, and a little over-dressed for Mirbridge, murmured his congratulations, while Sir Richard wondered to himself what would be the good of sending for a boy like that if anything serious—what he expected in short—should happen; he compared him to his disadvantage with old Doctor Shrapnel, his predecessor, who had rarely been seen divested of his gaiters, or off the back of his roan pony, but whom the whole country-side believed in, as an Indian tribe in their great medicine man. He felt himself lost again in the mist of memory till the cheery voice of the Rector broke in upon his ear, with "And now you are amongst old friends, Sir Richard."

He was, in fact, in the Pavilion, shaking hands mechanically on all sides with men it behoved him to recollect, but of whom he had scarcely any remembrance. Though brought up in the country, he had never taken to field sports, or made himself well acquainted, as most boys of his position are wont to do, with the local worthies.

Old Austin, indeed, who was swinging his arm like a pump handle, and ejaculating, "I am thankful to be spared to see this day, Sir Richard," in the voice he used to his betters (for he had another for working folks), he did dimly call to mind as coming to the Court for compensation on account of damage done to his straw-yard by a fire-balloon which he (Richard) had sent up on a Guy Fawkes' Day. He remembered the scene in his father's study, and this man's whining plaint, like something out of an old play, which one has seen in youth, but wherein the actor is forgotten. Why the old farmer should be thankful for his return to Mirbridge he could not imagine—unless it was to be accounted for by a smell of spirits that hung about him.

Ralph Ward, to the best of his knowledge, he had never so much as seen; no doubt, however, he was mistaken; he resented the man's keen glance, full of curiosity, and, as it seemed to him, even of suspicion; he could not guess, of course, that what the other was thinking to himself was whether this Sir Richard was the sort of man or not to take his place at the Board of Guardians, and become the first fiddle there, and in all other local affairs, *vice* Ralph Ward superseded.

Farmer Wurzel welcomed him with a genuine cordiality. "Glad to see you amongst us at last, sir; dear heart, but you are changed a bit since you used to come a rattling in my great barn."

This was a picture Sir Richard's memory could not reproduce; he had never to his recollection rated anywhere, not even politically, but he thanked the beaming old fellow effusively, and assented to his observation that "those were merry days." As a matter of fact his boyhood had not been merry; he had been rather a reserved lad, and had also stood in fear of his father, whose ways—and no wonder—had been unintelligible to him. All the ardour of his youth had been, as it were, stored up till the first object of passion had presented itself, and his life seemed to have just begun where, in a manner, it had ended—it had been "wrecked in port," not on arrival but on starting.

All this time Lady Trevor had been engaged with the school-children, and very willingly; it had been a great stroke of good fortune that Mrs. Thorne had met her and separated her from Sir Richard. Their coming together would only have been too likely to awaken in some minds a fatal association of ideas. Though outwardly full of respect, every girl was saying to herself "so this is a Frenchwoman." Her manner was artificial, and therefore seemed to them all the more natural.

"This is our schoolmistress, Miss Yorke," said Mrs. Thorne. A tall, high-featured woman of middle age, demure and stern. Lady Trevor took her hand, and murmured something about the healthy looks of her young charges. This then was her successor, she was saying to herself, though doubtless after many intervening dynasties; there could certainly be no association of ideas in this case. Was it possible, she wondered, if something had not happened to change her lot, as completely as by a magician's wand, that she herself would have been this woman—living in an atmosphere of bread and butter, busied about good behaviour and cleanliness and prize-giving at Midsummer, and subservient to the clergyman and the lady of the manor.

At Miss Yorke's word of command—which Lady Trevor seemed to have uttered herself, it was so familiar to her—the children struck up a hymn, which she recognised as a favourite air in her own time. She could hardly prevent herself from giving the time to it, as Miss Yorke was doing; her eyes involuntarily filled with tears. A little interruption fortunately took place, which drew attention away from her. Tommy Stokes had uttered a shrill scream. Upon being interrogated he had replied that something ached, and on its being suggested that in that case it was high time he should go home, he obstinately demurred. He was not going to give in to the offending something; as he expressed himself, "it would ache a deal more before he had done with it." The observation was drowned in a roar of laughter from Charley. "That is true British pluck, my lad," he said approvingly. No one was curious to know what the little urchin had said, while every one applauded young Mr. Trevor's sentiments. It was clear that he at least was not French, an apprehension which it seemed had weighed on the public mind. His lady mother might be as foreign as she pleased; the idea of her being so was, indeed, rather welcome, as giving a distinction to Mirbridge, but it was only fitting that her offspring should be a "true Trevor." This feeling was the more admirable, since the Trevors were in fact an exceptional family, with very few British characteristics about them.

As to her ladyship, the Mirbridge public were in much the same position for judging of her nationality as the witnesses in Edgar Poe's famous "Murders in the Rue Morgue," and came to the same conclusion. They all pronounced her to be a real Frenchwoman, but none of them had ever seen a Frenchwoman. On the other hand, her English—as was natural enough after so many years of marriage with an Englishman, though some who talked with her took credit to themselves for so easily understanding her—was perfectly intelligible. Her manner, though altogether different from the frankness of her son, was something more than affable: it was obvious that she wished to make herself agreeable to her new friends who were her husband's old ones. She put her little hand into the yeomen's huge palms with a charming confidence that they would not squeeze it; old Wurzel held it in both of his carefully hollowed out, as though it had been a canary. It must be confessed that her apparel assisted her in thus giving the impression of her being something rich and rare as well as entirely alien; it was more adapted for the Bois de Boulogne on a *fête* day than for Mirbridge Four Acre; but then it is difficult for a Frenchwoman to be overdressed; nor, indeed, did she seem to be so.

After all, however, this was a small success: it was like the rehearsal of amateur theatricals before the servants, which is no criterion of how things will go off on the morrow before the quality.

In Lady Trevor's case it was fated that this more crucial test should take place even earlier.

While the festivities were at their height, and just as Farmer Austin was about to give the toast of the day, Mr. Thorne whispered to Sir Richard that some lady friends of his had just arrived without, who would much like, if it was not interrupting matters, to have a few words with him. Lady Joddrell had driven over from Catesby Hall, and brought Mrs. Westrop, her friend and neighbour, with her. They were both in her ladyship's carriage on the Four Acre; but, as they had no gentlemen with them, they were a little shy of coming into the Pavilion.

Sir Richard remembered them very well, though neither of them as being "shy"—and wished them at York, or even further. To judge by the Rector's face, at an ejaculation the Baronet involuntarily uttered at the news, it is possible that he even signified as much.

"They were accidentally driving through the village," explained Mr. Thorne apologetically, "and could not resist a visit to the scene of rejoicing," with which both ladies had remarked they so entirely sympathised.

"No doubt," said Sir Richard drily. If hours had not changed in the county, it struck him that Lady Joddrell ought to be still at lunch at Catesby Hall; nothing too, but curiosity could have brought Mrs. Westrop out at such an early hour: gossip was meat and drink to the latter lady, and it was a pity, on certain occasions, it was not also clothing. He recollected her appearance at the last county ball he had attended when a young man: a woman of forty-five, who dressed—or the reverse—as if she was a young woman. His mother had always disliked her, and had not been on very friendly terms with the other lady.

"They promised they would not detain you two minutes," urged the Rector mildly.

"Very good, I'll go," said Sir Richard. And he went, though with a frowning brow, as well befitted a feudal lord interrupted in the revels of a devoted tenantry.

CHAPTER X.

OLD ACQUAINTANCES

As Sir Richard had shrewdly concluded, it was not quite by accident that his two lady visitors had found themselves that day at Mirbridge. They had heard of the festivities that were to welcome his return to the home of his ancestors, and it had struck them that these would afford an opportunity of seeing him, and especially his wife, some days before it would be quite *en règle* to make a formal call upon them. This would give them a clear start over the rest of "the county," which, in the matter of gossip, was almost as much to be desiderated as is "early intelligence" by the newspapers. Lady Joddrell had a large family, including several daughters of a marriageable age, and was already willing not only to take a favourable view of her old friend Sir Richard and his interesting wife, but to see virtues in their eldest son, and to take a charitable view of whatever might be amiss with *him*. Mrs. Westrop, a widow like herself, but childless, was actuated by no such personal considerations, but ready to pass her unprejudiced judgment—or at all events a judgment that was seldom prejudiced in anybody's favour—upon the new comers. Lady Joddrell would not have brought her if she could have helped it, but she had invited herself, and to decline her company would not only have been rude (which she would have risked), but dangerous. That her friend would impute an interested motive to her expedition would happen in any case, but she hoped by this act of civility to prevent her communicating that idea to the public at large. Her ladyship was a dull, commonplace woman, with high and mighty notions of her "position"; though advanced in years, her figure was still slight; her features were aristocratic, but of that feeble and washed-out kind which is as characteristic perhaps of her class as those nobler traits with which so many writers of fiction have made us familiar.

Mrs. Westrop was of equal birth and breeding, but with much more of character about her, though of a sort which in a lower rank of life would not have been to her advantage. In her youth she had been very handsome, but her good looks had always been of the convivial type, and she had now become exceedingly coarse and stout. What she had lost in beauty she endeavoured to make up in boldness, and she would "say things" even in the presence of gentlemen that made poor Lady Joddrell wince. She had travelled and seen a great deal of life, or what she understood to be such; as a girl she had been an heiress; as a woman she had been borne on the foremost wave of fashion for a brief space, not in London only but in Paris, a distinction which her husband had conferred upon her at the cost of almost her entire fortune. She would speak of him, in moments of confidence, with a strange mixture of admiration and contempt as "the most charming companion and greatest black-guard in all England." Although reckless of tongue, she was by no means of an ill-natured disposition, however, and if more feared than liked, was not without her friends.

As Sir Richard approached these ladies, Mrs. Westrop whispered to her companion, "Good heavens! what a wreck!" To which her ladyship replied, in the same cautious key, "I should not have known him from Adam." Both, however, received him with a great show of cordiality.

"This is not a morning call, remember, dear Sir Richard," said Lady Joddrell as they shook hands.

He knew very well that it was not, and groaned in spirit to think that the whole thing would have to come over again.

"But, finding ourselves in the village, we could not forbear to join our congratulations to those of your nearer neighbours."

"The last time you came to my house," said Mrs. Westrop, "you were a naughty boy about so high," touching the wheel of the carriage, "and you amused yourself, while your father and mother were being very polite to me in the drawing-room, with destroying the nests of my favourite swallows with the garden engine."

"I hope I was never such a wicked boy as that, Mrs. Westrop."

"You were not so wicked as when you became a young man, of course," she answered, with a very significant look; "but you were a bad boy. Now, however, I am quite sure you are come back like the Prodigal—only I hope better off—quite determined to behave yourself properly. Everybody is looking to you for an example, for the wild boys always turn out the best men, if they only live long enough; and also to teach us French."

This was a sharp slap at her companion, who was no better versed in that language than most ladies of quality; indeed, Mrs. Westrop herself had almost a monopoly of that tongue in the county.

Lady Joddrell, who was no coward, took up at once such weapons as she could lay her hands on.

"I am as well convinced as you can be, my dear, that Sir Richard will be everything he ought to be; but, as one who has boys of her own, I must demur to your philosophy. It is not every one who retrieves his youthful indiscretions. ('Confound her impudence,' muttered Sir Richard.) 'A youth of folly,' we are told, is but too often followed by 'an old age of cards.'"

Mrs. Westrop burst into laughter that would have befitted Moll Flagon.

"That is a hit at me, Sir Richard, because I won ten shillings of her dear Johnny at whist last night—a game the young man should never venture to indulge in; you mistake the poet's remark altogether, my dear, which is in fact an antithesis. 'A youth of folly, an old age of cards,' means a wasted youth redeemed by the sagacity and wisdom displayed in the management of trumps."

"A very ingenious interpretation," said Sir Richard, smiling in spite of himself; he felt inclined to add, "You were always a great commentator," but fortunately restrained himself. It was of immense importance to him, he felt, to have this sharp-tongued gossip on his side.

"And when *may* I come," inquired Lady Joddrell, earnestly, "to offer my congratulations to yourself and Lady Trevor in form? I can easily imagine that every moment of your time is just now taken up."

The lady had made up her mind that her present companion should not accompany her on the visit in question, which she proposed to herself should not be one only of ceremony.

"That is all very well for *you*, my dear," put in Mrs. Westrop, who, it is possible, had fathomed this intention, "but I am a poor creature (though I have seen better days) who have not the same means of locomotion: the expedition would cost me a fly. Since we *are* here, could not Lady Trevor be so good as to see us for two minutes, and receive our homage?"

The proposal rather staggered Sir Richard. His wife had enough to do for one day, to play her part before her present audience; but on the other hand there was danger in saying "No." It was, above all things, necessary that she should show no sign of fear—that there should be no shrinking from publicity. And if the thing could be done, and well done, it would be well to get it over. Strange to say, he felt no anger against Mrs. Westrop for her request. There was a streak in her character—notwithstanding, or even perhaps because of, its eccentricity—which recommended itself to something in him.

"Your poor wife must be so tired," murmured Lady Joddrell; "I think it would be rather exacting."

"What does *he* say? That's the point," said Mrs. Westrop, nodding sideways at the Baronet, as though he had been an inanimate object in the landscape.

"Nannie shall answer for herself," he said, good-naturedly, "if you will kindly wait a minute."

"He called her Nanny!" exclaimed Lady Joddrell, in amazement, as soon as he was out of earshot. "Then she must be an Englishwoman after all."

"No, no, he said 'Nannie'; her name must be Nanette, I suppose," explained Mrs. Westrop. "Not that I should be astonished if she turned out to be a Hindoo. Nothing that a Trevor did would ever surprise me; there is madness in the blood."

"I have never heard that said before," said Lady Joddrell, rebukefully.

"Oh, I don't mean to say that they ought to be shut up, and not allowed to marry," returned the other, significantly. "Come, here she is; and what a fine young fellow she is bringing with her. Her son no doubt."

Sir Richard was in fact bringing both his wife and Charley to introduce them to his old friends.

"This is not a morning call," began Lady Joddrell, for having once got a good formula into her head, she was as careful of it as wiser people are of their ideas.

"It is a much more welcome sort of visit," replied Lady Trevor, in her pretty broken tones, "because it is less formal."

Then ensued the usual smiling and bowing among the ladies.

"We are so glad to see you back again, Lady Trevor—I mean, of course, Sir Richard back, and you amongst us," continued her ladyship.

"And as for you, Mr. Charles," said Mrs. Westrop, with a nod and a smile, "there are a great many young people hereabouts, I can assure you, who are on the tip-toe of expectation about you."

"I am afraid they will come down upon their heels when they come to know me," said Charley, with his ready laugh.

"They will if you are at all witty, I promise you. We answer 'to the purpose—easy things to understand,' in this neighbourhood," was the grim rejoinder. "Well, I hope you will be better behaved than your father."

"Well, upon my word," cried Lady Joddrell. "I think you should remember, Mrs. Westrop, that though Sir Richard knows you, and that you never mean anything you say, that Lady Trevor has not that advantage."

"Tut, tut; I didn't mean *that*—you are always thinking of something that you shouldn't. What I was about to say was that I hoped the young man wouldn't leave us for twenty-five years at a time like Sir Richard, or when *he* comes back again he'll find some of us quite middle-aged."

"I hope he will have no reason for leaving us," said Lady Joddrell benignly. Then she turned scarlet—Mrs. Westrop had trodden heavily on her toe.

"I hope not, indeed. It will depend, of course, upon how we treat him. I intend to be very kind to him for one," put in the latter lady quickly.

Lady Trevor looked from one to the other smiling, "with alien lips," as a good-natured foreigner should do when the conversation is unintelligible.

"They must have got some curaçoa in the carriage," was Sir Richard's reflection.

As for Charley, the little tiff between the old ladies afforded him, like most other things, its quota of amusement.

Mrs. Westrop, though she had helped her companion out of her difficulty, was indeed not a little annoyed at having been taken to task by her, and the more so because she felt that she had justly exposed herself to rebuke. A method of revenge, characteristic of her sex, suddenly occurred to her. She addressed Lady Trevor in the French language, by that means cutting off her enemy's communications with completeness.

"I am afraid you will find it very dull here after Paris; for I conclude you come from there. I am quite sure that beautiful locket of yours did."

"My locket, yes. It was a present from my husband on my birthday," was the modest reply. "But, as for myself, I have only visited Paris occasionally. We lived, as I dare say you have heard, at Minard, which is a long way from the capital."

This reply was well conceived in some respects; but encumbered with unnecessary details. When we have anything to conceal, we should never volunteer data.

"You say, 'as we have heard,'" returned Mrs. Westrop, frankly: "but the fact is, we know nothing about you; we only suspect. For years we have been dependent for information upon our own invention."

"And what do you suspect?" inquired Lady Trevor, good-humouredly.

"It is impossible to say; there have been so many things said. You know what sort of work amateurs make of fiction even when they have a story to tell. Now we have had absolutely nothing to go upon except what we know of Sir Richard. We had to picture his wife as we supposed she would be; and, as it turns out, we were all wrong."

"You arouse my curiosity immensely; what sort of person was it you expected?"

"Nay," said Mrs. Westrop, dropping her voice, "that is a question I must not answer to-day; but I feel sure we shall soon be good friends, and then I will tell you all about it. One of the reasons why I love your nation is that, with all their reputation for tact, they are the frankest people upon earth in the very matters on which what we call decent, that is prudish, folks are reticent. My good friend here, for example, will some day endeavour to persuade you that her deceased eldest son was a saint: the form of martyrdom he suffered was the being pitched head foremost from his horse, because he was too drunk to stick on his back; but you will use no such duplicity with me, I know. If wives or widows (which is the same thing, only better) cannot tell the truth to one another, we are to be pitied indeed."

"But I'm afraid there's nothing very shocking to confess about Sir Richard's misdeeds," laughed Lady Trevor.

"Then you are exceptionally fortunate, my dear, or, which is the more probable, in a most blissful state of ignorance. What used to annoy, but now only amuses me, is the effrontery of mankind; they have actually contrived to persuade themselves—and, what is stranger still, even our own sex—that we women are worse than they are. Now you must not talk to me any more, or else it will be taken for granted that you and I are already plotting together against the proprieties of the county."

If this was so it was rather hard upon her fellow conspirator whom Mrs. Westrop had button-holed—or rather hooked-and-eyed—in spite of herself; yet it seemed probable from the glances cast at them by Lady Joddrell that some such suspicion had really been awakened. She had, it is true, in the mean time been carrying on conversation with the two gentlemen, but in a half-hearted manner; she had impressed upon the younger that "her dear John" was eager to welcome him at Catesby, where there was good fishing on the lake, and the best tennis-ground in Derbyshire. She had reminded the elder not unnecessarily (for he only dimly remembered him), how warm had been the regard of her late husband for himself in years gone by. "Let us take up the threads of our friendship where they were dropped," she entreated plaintively.

This would have been rather a delicate operation, since the "dropping"—of all communication between the Court and the Hall—had taken place on account of a remonstrance she had

addressed to the late Lady Trevor, upon her making so much of "that exceedingly dangerous and forward young person," Letty Beeton; a piece of advice which, since it had turned out to be well founded, had naturally never been forgiven her. If, however, which was highly improbable, the deceased lady had communicated this fact to her daughter-in-law, it was not likely to have prejudiced her against Lady Joddrell, but rather the reverse; and it irritated her exceedingly to see Mrs. Westrop making all the running with the new arrival on a course, beset as it was with "bullfinches"—long words in the French language—over which she could not accompany her.

It humiliated her not a little, when Lady Trevor at last turned her attention to her, and the two gentlemen were taken in hand by Mrs. Westrop in her turn, to have to admit that her French was a little "rusty;" to which the other judiciously replied that conversation in English was much more agreeable to her as being her adopted tongue.

"But how well you speak it," exclaimed Lady Joddrell in amazement.

"Not better I conjecture than you would speak French, if you had been used to it for a quarter of a century."

"Quite true; I had forgotten how time flies. But you have certainly no excuse for wishing to learn English, and therefore I must ask you sometimes to converse in your own tongue with my dearest Viola, who dotes on French, and desires above all things to improve herself in it."

"I shall be happy to be her governess so far," said Lady Trevor meekly; "how old is your daughter?"

"Viola, the eldest—for I have quite a quiver full of them you must know—is three-and-twenty; just the same age, by-the-bye, if I remember right, as your eldest son yonder."

"That is my second son; Hugh is my eldest; he is not yet come down to Mirbridge."

"Oh, indeed."

Lady Joddrell strove to make her tone one of absolute indifference; but the sense that she had "wasted" herself was overpowering. She had always heard that Frenchwomen were so clever, but could anything be more stupid than the way in which she had been suffered to fall into this mistake? The Mirbridge estate, as every one knew, was strictly entailed; and yet she had been actually pressing this younger Trevor—a very poor match, if not absolutely "a detrimental"—to come to Catesby, fishing!

Tennis is not a very dangerous game from a matrimonial point of view; the players are too much out of breath for the interchange of soft nothings; but the opportunities during punt-fishing—her John could never be got into the boat (he said it was "so slow," which indeed it was compelled to be)—are enormous.

From that moment, in spite of all Lady Joddrell's efforts to maintain it, conversation languished, and, indeed, considering the occasion, the time of the party from the Court had been monopolised long enough.

"I must really not detain you from your Mirbridge friends any longer," she presently murmured.

Up to the moment of that unfortunate disclosure, Lady Joddrell had been favourably impressed by her new neighbour, and she had thought her not only ladylike but with a very striking style; her attire, though truly admirable, had not aroused her envy; it was only to be expected that the new comer should have done her very best in that way to establish her position; whereas in her own case no such supreme efforts were necessary; whatever Lady Joddrell of Catesby Hall chose to put on, became *ipso facto* the fashion; but she could not quite forgive the involuntary deception Lady Trevor had practised upon her.

"Well, my dear Mrs. Westrop, and what do you think of the new arrival?" she inquired of her companion, as soon as the carriage began to move homewards. "Is she to be an acquisition or not?"

"An acquisition is not quite the word," returned the other thoughtfully; "she will, unless I am much mistaken, not hang on anybody's skirts, but will take a line of her own."

Her ladyship only made that inarticulate rejoinder which is translated in books by the term "Humph!" but which has all the significance attributed to the "Ugh!" of the North American Indian. What it meant in this case was "I am sorry to hear it; we don't want a second person in the county who is bent on taking a line of her own."

"Yes, my dear," continued Mrs. Westrop, remorselessly, "if you are thinking of shaping Lady Trevor into any mould of your own devising, you will find it labour lost. Of course, she will never interfere with your sovereignty, but she will form an independent state, and decline to do homage to anybody. For my part, as a quiet, inoffensive woman, who seeks no prominence, and is unambitious of hard knocks, I mean to be friends with her."

"Well, of course," assented her ladyship. "But what did you think of her French? Had it the true Parisian accent?"

"So far as I can judge I should say 'no.'"

"Ah!" was the triumphant rejoinder, "I thought as much."

"At the same time, if that is what you are thinking about, we must remember she is not a Parisian; she has a provincial accent like ourselves, who, I suppose, for example, don't make *v's* of our *w's* like Londoners."

"Good gracious, I hope not!" exclaimed Lady Joddrell.

The suggestion was so offensive that she dropped the subject without perceiving what was amiss in her friend's argument; and Mrs. Westrop did not think it worth while to resume it. She had, however, drawn certain conclusions of her own from the fact in question. Among them was this reflection,

"When once a man marries beneath him, or wants to do it, which is the same thing as regards his natural bent, he is pretty sure, if he has the chance, to do it again."

(To be continued)



CAPTAIN NORMAN's contention in his very readable "Corsairs of France" (Sampson Low and Co.) is that the thing which has been will be; and that, whether or not in any future war Admiral Aube carries out his threat of bombarding our watering-places, our commerce will be to a very unpleasant extent at the mercy of the successors of Jean Bart, Legouvé, and Surcouf. Captain Norman may be, as some of his critics assert, misled by the French archives as to the number of prizes taken by various corsairs. He says that from 1793 to 1815 we lost 10,000 merchant-ships, and captured only 1,000 French privateers; our Admiralty records tell a different tale. But, anyhow, the number captured is quite enough to make us anxious now that we depend so largely on the foreigner for our food supply. For some years Surcouf was really master of the Indian Ocean, picking up a rice-ship or two every day, and often capturing a huge East Indiaman (like the *Triton* or the *Kent*), mounting more guns and carrying more men than himself. His *Confiance* was, in fact, the *Alabama* of the early years of the century. "Strike at England's commerce" has (says Captain Norman) been France's policy since Colbert's day; and France with Obock, and other such depôts, will be better able to strike than heretofore. Captain

Norman says: "Attach a P. and O. steamer to our Channel Fleet next summer cruise. Let her be manned and officered by naval reserve men, except a gunnery lieutenant and his crew. There are times when thousands of sailors are almost starving, and would be glad of a fortnight's work." Whatever may be thought of our author's alarmist views, his book is very pleasant reading. It tells about Cassard of Nantes, Duguay Trouin, and poor Thurot, the captor of Carrickfergus, besides the three mentioned above.

Sir Richard Burton spent his boyhood and early youth on the Continent, and his disgust at the want of room in English suburban houses—"the strips of gardens as narrow as if the ground was let by the square foot"—is very comical. Indeed, apart from their bearing on his hero's early life, we are glad to have Mr. Francis Hitchman's sketches of the little English colonies at Tours, at Florence, at the Baths of Lucca. Such training was not a good preparation for Oxford; at the same time by living abroad Colonel Burton had lost all the friends likely to be useful to him in giving his sons a career. Richard, rusticated in his third term, got a commission in the Hon. East India Company's service, and began his life of adventure. He could work very hard, had a wonderful aptitude for languages, and found to his disgust that, *after passing in six*, he was passed over for a coveted staff appointment in favour of a lad who had just managed to scrape through in Hindustani. This, after seven years' residence, so disgusted him that he came home on sick leave, and published his "Bayonet Exercise." Government snubbed him, and, after the Crimean War, compiled their own "Manual" out of his pamphlet. In 1852, getting a year's furlough, he arranged with the Geographical Society to explore Arabia. His disguises and his perils make a couple of highly sensational chapters; and his Arabian expedition ends with an official "wiggling" for having commented on the miserable inadequacy of our naval force in the Red Sea. Then followed the Crimean War, in which Burton was with "Beaton's Horse;" the end being that "Beaton and Burton resigned their commissions," the former suing Consul Skene for libel. After his African explorings Burton was made Consul at Rio. Thence he was promoted to Damascus; where his usual ill-luck brought him most unfairly into disfavour, and he was recalled. Visits to Iceland and to Midian complete the story; and the closing page of the two volumes of "Richard F. Burton" (Sampson Low and Co.) tells how, after "living six lives in one," he gets a consulate in an unhealthy town, a knighthood, and a retiring pension of 300*l.* a year, being refused the post at Tangier, where he had earnestly hoped to succeed Sir Drummond Hay. The book is not a whit too long, though there are more than 300 pp. in each volume. It is as fascinating as the "Arabian Nights," the translating of which was one of the minor works of this many-sided and remarkable man.

Lady Burton's edition of her husband's scholarly translation of the "Arabian Nights" (Waterlow and Sons) has now reached its sixth and last volume, and, apart from the stories themselves, furnishes a mass of information regarding Oriental lore and the manners and customs of Mahomedans which renders the work a perfect encyclopædia of Eastern life. This concluding volume, moreover, contains Sir Richard Burton's Terminal Essay, in which the origin, the probable date, and the literary and poetical style of the "Arabian Nights" are discussed, as well as the manner in which the stories deal with the social condition and the religion of the various characters which are delineated in that "wondrous treasury of Moslem folk-lore," as this world-famed collection of stories has been truly termed. Lady Burton and her collaborator, Mr. Justin Huntly McCarthy, M.P., have only eliminated from the original translation certain passages and one or two stories (215 pages out of 2,315), which, however interesting from a scholar's or student's point of view, could hardly be included in a drawing-room edition. The excisions in no way injure the continuity of the stories, nor the value of the work as a whole, even to the student of Oriental lore, as all the beauty and picturesqueness of the original rendering are retained. Thus, while they contain nothing to shock the most fastidious, they will tell the reader more about the minutæ of Eastern life than any work extant. Lady Burton's handsomely bound and well-printed volumes will form an admirable birthday or wedding present.

We are sorry to read in Mr. H. J. Forrest's school "History of Wales" (Simpkin Marshall) that the squalor of the mining towns is as bad as ever: "The state of Merthyr, for instance, would lead visitors to believe they were in the South of Ireland instead of in a town where millions have been made." As to Welsh music, he quotes Brinley Richards's saying, that "the area of selection is too narrow." His estimate of the Code of Hywel Dha is not at all scholarly; and what he says about Stonehenge and the Druids betrays a very primitive archaeological knowledge. His object, however, is good—"to interest the Welsh youth in the history of their own country," of which, surely, no son of "gallant little Wales" can now afford to be ignorant.

A more exhaustive volume than M. Flammarion's "L'Atmosphère" (Hachette) it is impossible to imagine; and the readable nature of its contents fully justifies the alternative title "Météorologie Populaire." The illustrations are worthy of the letter-press, and that is saying a good deal, as those are aware who know how attractive M. Flammarion's style is. The printing in colours, fifteen plates, does credit to M. Krakow's skill; and some of the woodcuts, e.g. the snow-storm in Dzongaria, are excellent. The sketch of M. Mouchot's steam-engine, worked by sun-power, is suggestive rather than practical, but M. Mouchot has, it seems, cooked a good dinner by solar heat; and for the latitude of Algeria the machine might very well be a success. M. Flammarion gives a list of the mean highest temperatures and of sundry climatic statistics for what he calls "the memorable summers" of the century. We wish the series had been complete. It would be interesting to note what seasons intervened between the very hot summer of 1852 (hottest, apparently, in Holland), and the hot summers of 1857 and 1858. We heartily recommend the book for school libraries. Boys and girls would do well to get their first notions of physics and to learn French at the same time; and a pleasanter guide than M. Flammarion they are not likely to find.

Those who heard the *Edipus* at Cambridge last November will fully appreciate what Mr. Lang says about the survival, among the Greeks of classic times, of savage myths and customs. Marshalling his facts with immense care and in great detail, Mr. Lang shows in "Myth, Ritual, and Religion" (Longmans), that customs and beliefs, like those of which we have traces among polished Athenians and Argives, &c., are, or were, found among Australians, Red Indians, Polynesians, and such like. If the Greek murderer cut off his victim's hands and feet and laid them under the dead man's arm-pits, so the Australian cuts off his slain enemy's thumbs; the reason in each case being the same, that the mutilated ghost may be unable to avenge himself. If some Red Indian tribes have a sacred bear-dance, so had the Arcadians in honour of Artemis, whom they confounded with Callisto. In fact the more repulsive Greek myths are full of analogues among existing or only just extinct savages. Homer, owing, as Mr. Lang thinks, to his divine genius, instinctively "burned away the coarser dross of antique legend" of which there is so much in Hesiod. Mr. Lang has not aimed at an exhaustive treatise. He only incidentally alludes to Finn and Scandinavian myths. Babylonian myths he has left out, because when his work was written Professor Sayce's "Hibbert Lectures" were not published. Roman myths are entangled with Greek; Celtic are hard to understand; Mongolian are omitted. Sanskrit, Egyptian, Phœnician, and savage myths remain; and these are compared with the Greek in a work which is sure to make its mark. Mr. Lang rejects (except in a few instances, such as Adonis) the

physical theory of which among us Max Müller is the chief exponent. A myth cannot mean three or four different natural processes; yet the disagreement between the various schools is so radical that Mannhardt may well call the explanations "ingenious guesses, or merely *jeux d'esprit*." Eusebius alone among Christian writers (Mr. Lang thinks) had an inkling of the truth. He ridiculed the Egyptian interpretations of their beast-gods, and said such interpretations assume in the myth-makers an amount of physical knowledge which they certainly had not. Such myths were framed by minds that were in the savage state; and therefore (adds Mr. Lang) we may explain the startling similarity of many myths amongst wholly unconnected people, not by transmission, but by identity of mental status. Our only doubt in regard to this very able and important work is whether too much prominence is not given to American Indian myths. How far these may have been shaped by early missionaries is uncertain; and, those who held them having passed away, we have often nothing but the vague reports of men who may have unconsciously read into them their own folk-lore.

"The Life of Keats," by W. M. Rossetti ("Great Writers Series;" Walter Scott), is as interesting as we might expect such a life to be by such a biographer. Curiously enough, Mr. Rossetti's MS. was sent to the editor, Professor Eric Robertson, on June 3rd; Mr. Colvin's "Life" was published on June 10th. Thereupon Mr. Rossetti got back his MS., grafted on it all necessary facts hitherto unknown, but left his own criticisms just as they stood. Keats was nourished on Lemprière, and Tooke's "Pantheon," and Spence's "Polymetis," and Marmontel's "Incas." To Spence he was introduced by Mr. Cowden Clarke, walking once a week from Edmonton to Enfield to talk it over, and "ramping through the scenes of the romance like a young horse turned into a spring meadow." In 1807, during a visit to Oxford, he "ran loose" and paid a forfeit which never afterwards physically and morally embarrassed him. His death, however, "though expedited by his own imprudence, was substantially due to hereditary disease." After setting down with minute conscientiousness every fact in Keats's history, and duly discussing the vexed question whether or not he was done to death by the reviewers, Mr. Rossetti carefully analyses the poems from the earliest (and, though he rhymed in infancy, Keats was not a precocious poet) down to the "Cap and Bells." It is something to get a good analysis of "Endymion;" so many of us are really of Shelley's opinion, that "the author meant nobody ever to get to the end of it;" and we are safer in the hands of "the truthful biographer duly sympathetic than in those of the sympathetic biographer who praises indiscriminately." Some of Mr. Rossetti's criticisms will be considered by Keats-worshippers as bad as those of the *Quarterly*, or of *Blackwood*. His verdict is that "Endymion" is an essentially poetical poem, which sins grossly by youthful indiscipline and excess. Its construction proves the poet's mind to have moved in a region of scintillating details rather than of large and majestic contours." Such a fearless utterance proves the value of this important contribution to the Lives of the Poets.

"Simple Cutting-Out for Home and School Use," by E. Carlisle (Hatchards, Piccadilly), contains, in Part II., full directions for the cutting-out and making-up of baby-linen, with diagrams and scale for enlargements. Each little garment is clearly described, and, where the directions are followed, mistakes in work seem almost impossible.—"The Useful Knitter," in two parts, by "E. M. C." (Hatchards, Piccadilly); and "Knitting Lessons," of the "Silk-worm Series" (Myra and Son, Covent Garden), will all be found useful aids to beginners and those more proficient with their needles. The first book confines itself almost entirely to the making of socks and stockings, while the latter leads the novice up from the very commencement of holding the needles to various elaborate patterns for shawls, counterpanes, and doyleys.

COMING OF AGE

WEDDINGS and comings of age are the most joyous "fragments from the dream of human life." In them abundant hopes blend with memories of fresh happiness and prosperity. A man's family are most interested in his marriage, his tenantry and dependents in his coming of age. Consequently, the festivities which naturally attend the one can, if necessary, be celebrated in London, but the merry-makings connected with a coming of age imperatively demand the country. Hospitality must at such a time be of heroic dimensions—hogsheds of ale, fat beeves with pipes of wine, Brobdingnagian turkeys and cheeses as large as that which Cheshire designed for the Jubilee, are then held in as high honour as they were centuries ago at a Scandinavian revel or the Consecration Feast of an Archbishop of York. The going down of a fresh warrior into the battle of life has ever been the occasion of a huge feast among the Teutonic race. Thenceforth the young heir is initiated into the traditions of his family. What wonder that his friends, whether rich or poor, love to show the strength of their good wishes?

On the birthday proper comes the stated presentation of a silver centre-piece, a Dresden dessert-service, or the like, with the inevitable address and speech. The chief tenant is not usually eloquent, but force of utterance, homely allusions, and, above all, good will, are better than any amount of rhetoric on such occasions. So he perspires through his speech, which has been anxiously conned for the last month, and naturally is succeeded by the heir. Of fine presence and winning exterior, he must indeed be unlucky if he cannot gain the approbation of his audience by his courtesy, geniality, and love of humour, thanks to that amusing story about the rattlesnake, or an alligator, which he introduces. Much gratitude—possession—cherished heirloom—a friendly tenantry and cordial relations between them and their old head—these are certain to form the topics of his speech. Lunch and health-drinking conclude this gratifying portion of the day's duties.

The ball in the evening is a still more serious part of the day. Every one in the country-side has been invited, the house turned topsy-turvy, decorations and dainties prepared with barbaric lavishness. How pretty are the twinkling lights of the carriages seen through the gloom as they strive to reach the lodge from the labyrinth of lanes which converges on it. The four-horse drag, the brougham, the parson's pony-carriage jostle each other along the road running beneath the mighty elms of the park. At length the house is reached, and the visitors ushered into the large hall hung with blue and silver, and lit with electricity, where a band, posted among exotics in one corner, even now strikes up the *Mikado* waltzes. Soon the old gentlemen and staid ladies at the back see nothing but a whirl of tarlatan and silk as the dancers speed round. Oh, the joys of such a waltz! thinks the stout General who will never again repeat the Terpsichorean triumphs of his youth. How much pleasanter to talk over the doings of the parson with Mr. Bantam and Mrs. Partlet, says his better-half from her throne on the large sofa. Studious men seek the seclusion of the library to see the book-treasures. Young Fleetwing is flirting most outrageously with Lady Mabel in a recess of the conservatory; the Rural Dean lays down the law on dilapidations in a corner; the Chairman of Quarter Sessions is arguing a poaching case over again with his Vicar, servants flitting by, young couples laughing, a glitter and whirl and glare and kaleidoscopic splendour prevailing that might startle the grave ancestors which hang around, and tempt the charming beauties of Sir Peter Lely once more to descend and join the happy rout. And so the swift hours are chased by the many twinkling feet of the dancers. Love and beauty reign, as in the golden days.



A SATURDAY NIGHT ENTERTAINMENT FOR THE POOR
ST. ALBAN'S HALL, ST. ALBAN'S GARDENS, HOLBORN

Supper is an absolute necessity for even the greatest haters of that meal. On such occasions, however, the poorer digestions have an evil time with galantines and mayonnaises, cotelettes and glacés, chablis and champagne. The attendants are active and obsequious, Robert the City-waiter is, of course, present, philosophical and observant as ever; but the young soon leave the older part of the company to return to the dancing. Colonel Ortolan lays himself out for a steady progress through the *carte*, and a sapient curate opposite takes careful heed, and eats of whatever pleases the Colonel's palate. Lady Noyeau drinks—well, never mind, how many glasses of champagne. The wrangler investigates the mysteries of a *pâté de Périgord*, and finds it not quite so dry as the dynamics of four dimensions. Two old college friends hob-and-nob in a corner. "Have you noticed how often the young heir has danced to-night with that girl in pink?" says one dowager to her neighbour, and she—"Yes; and what a fright she is! indeed, all the girls nowadays do dance and dress so badly compared with—"
"Fie, fie! my lord; it is too bad to—more jelly; waiter!" "At Monaco, did you say?" Such are the snatches of conversation that fall on the ear in the supper-room.

The shouting for carriages, and the rush of the various vehicles and awkwardly-tempered horses peculiar to this country is amusing when 3 A.M. arrives, that is, if you have a steady coachman, and a footman who knows his business. We remember a Coming of Age in Notts at one of the large ducal palaces some quarter of a century ago. Two large sheds were specially erected for tipsy coachmen and men-servants. Here they slept, and were hospitably entertained before being despatched next morning. An old clergyman warned his man beforehand of the disgrace of falling into such company. Thomas was able to reach the box, and drove steadily out of the courtyard, but soon lost himself on the grass, and drove to the lake. Round this he wandered with his master and mistress, and could find no road leading from it till morning broke and somewhat sobered him. The temperance movement has luckily improved since that time, and such wholesale drunkenness is now unknown.

On the next night it may be taken for granted that the tenantry are feasted, and on the third the festivities end with a supper for all the poor in the neighbourhood. As we drive home in the dewy morning, and watch the late moon fade into dawn, and the stars die out, and hear that wild awakening of the songbirds which is so conspicuous in spring, let us give every good wish to the young Squire. He is the most popular man to-day in the country-side. When the church bells ring a graver chime for him some fifty years hence, may he have done his duty well by his generation, and be followed to the grave by the sincere sorrow both of rich and poor.

M. G. W.



FOLLOWING the sensible example of our Parisian neighbours, the leaders of fashion in all grades of society have advanced the London season by many weeks in the winter, and curtailed it in the summer months: a very wise arrangement. After the more than usually prolonged attack of fogs for the past month, the first burst of bright sunshine shows the dirt and general shabbiness of our attire, both for out and in-door wear, and places us in a somewhat awkward dilemma. It is too soon for spring novelties and materials; at the same time we are bound to make some renovation in our toilettes. Those of our readers whose expenditure must be kept within careful limits will do well to provide themselves with costumes which will serve them far into the spring, and come out again for the early autumn in the holidays.

This is one of the months in the year when a well-made dress, from the hands of an experienced tailor, is an excellent investment, and will prove useful as a pattern for home-made dresses. It is far more economical to have a plain dark material, serge or cloth, than a fancy stripe or check, of which we are apt to tire. Light stone, fawn, and biscuit-coloured cloths are much worn at this season, and are certainly very pretty for slim figures; but they soon lose their freshness when exposed to a shower of sleet or rain.

We have recently seen some stylish promenade costumes for day exhibitions, concerts, &c. One was a dress of myrtle green poplin over a petticoat of striped velvet and satin three shades lighter than the poplin. The dress was made with a tight-fitting bodice, opening crossways, from right to left, over a satin and velvet very narrow-striped vest; dark velvet revers, collar and cuffs. The skirt was arranged with a short drapery, starting from the right side, and caught up quite short on the left side with loops and long ends of velvet ribbon, from thence it fell almost plain and square to the hem of the petticoat; the back of the skirt was made with thick, flat pleats. The art of draping a skirt is difficult, a fold too few or too many spoils the whole thing; nothing is more graceful than a simply-draped over-dress without any trimming, if the draping is artistically carried out. This style of dress looks well in almost any colour and combination, provided the material is not too thick and heavy.

Another costume was of dark brown fine cloth, trimmed with beaver, the skirt was draped at the back brought round to the left side, and sloped crossways to the hem, edged with fur; plain under-skirt to match, open at the left side, with a band of fur which reaches to the hem and is carried all round it; jacket with a deep basque, trimmed with fur down the front, cuffs, epaulettes, and collar to match; felt hat, trimmed with velvet, and feathers.

A third costume was made with a plain skirt of maroon-coloured velvet, a drapery of fine cloth with double row of pinking, looped up on the left side with a *passementerie* ornament; velvet jacket bodice, cloth waistcoat, pinked on each side, and strapped across at the waist with three steel clasps; buttons to match, velvet collar with a row of pinked cloth inside it, velvet and pinked cloth cuffs; felt hat trimmed with velvet and plumes.

A word in the ear of our young readers with slender allowances. At the winter sales, which are now drawing to a close, many genuine bargains at mere nominal prices may be had which are quite clean and fresh; short and long remnants of silk, satin, velvet, and plush, in all the most fashionable colours, which will be found very useful for bodices and trimmings; lace for skirts in black, white, cream, or red, may also be had at quarter price. Some young friends of ours recently showed us the result of sundry remnant purchases. A walking-dress was of dark blue serge, trimmed with wheels and innumerable rows of very narrow braid; it was made with a plain skirt, full gathered at the back, wide panels on each side braided handsomely. The front breadth was very finely pleated; jacket and waistcoat to match. A dinner-dress was of pale pink pongee silk, with bodice, panels, and back drapery of ruby-coloured velvet, trimmed with multi-coloured beaded gimp and ornaments; the bodice was made V-shape back and front down to the waist, and filled in with finely-puffed pink net. Another evening dress was of maize-coloured net, with wide sashes and bows of watered ribbon, low corsage of maize watered silk, draped with net. Besides these dresses there were sundry little fancy bodices to be worn with lace and net skirts, a supply to last the whole coming season.

For ladies of all ages, a black velvet dress is a most useful piece of property. It should be made with a plain square train, which can be worn or removed at pleasure; a high bodice with long sleeves, and a low bodice with short sleeves. A moveable *tablier* of silk or

satin, heavily embroidered in jet, may be replaced for full dress occasions by a cream-coloured *tablier*, embroidered in pearls, or a silver grey, pink, blue, or any delicate shade of silk; a brocade or a lace-floated petticoat. Velvet has almost superseded plush, and is more worn than ever this season now, in the form of a complete costume from top to toe, at other times as a combination with silk or cashmere; there is certainly no more becoming material for all complexions, especially when worn as a low bodice with no lace or other trimming against the bare shoulders. The fashion of a corsage up to the throat, and no attempt at sleeve, excepting a strap of narrow epaulette, is most ungraceful, but finds favour not only with the few who have faultless arms, but with the many who have just the reverse.

From Paris some very charming ball and dinner costumes have been received. For young girls simply-made muslin, nun's veiling, plain, or striped with satin, draped with long loops of ribbon, with silk or velvet bodices, either to match, or in contrasting colours, are quite dressy enough for *soirées dansantes*, but for balls there are many very elegant materials in embroidered tulle, with lines of silver or gold, very narrow threads, or in silk net embroidered in a delicate design.

There are several fancy balls on the tapis. A most original group of costumes was recently given by our contemporary, the *Revue de la Mode*. One was a merveilleuse of 1800, which was most attractive. The short dress was of pink satin, surrounded by embroidery round the hem and up the left side, which opened over a petticoat of green silk; the scanty skirt was plain in the front, gathered in fine at the back; short-waisted bodice was made low, with puffed sleeves, sash of green silk; a white cachemire scarf, embroidered at the ends, folded formally round the shoulders; large green silk reticule suspended on the arm with a green broad ribbon, green silk stockings and sandalled shoes; the hair dressed in bows at the top of the head. Very quaint and striking was a costume entitled "Madame le Diable," to be worn by a very dark woman. The petticoat, which was short, was of white satin, embroidered with red flames; the corsage was made with a double basque of black satin made in the form of bat's wings; low corsage of the same, ornamented in front with a diabolical head of red satin, with the tongue thrust out; headdress, two little red horns. Far more graceful, if less *piquante* than the above, was a costume of "Night." A very long train dress was of dark blue plush or satin quite plain, the sides and front embroidered in stars and crescents of crystal; panels of pale blue crape, falling in pleats at the sides; low bodice and band of satin; an ample drapery of blue crape, spangled with silver round the shoulders and on the skirt; a long gauze veil falling from the back, fixed on the left side of the robe with a large silver crescent; one on a smaller scale fixed the veil to the hair; long pale blue *gants de Suède*; in the hand was a wand, with a long streamer of ribbon and a silver crescent. Altogether a most taking and effective costume.



B. WILLIAMS.—A song which will add to the reputation of Felix Gerard, who has written the words, and Odoardo Barri, who has composed the music, is "The Angel's Lullaby," a refined composition. An accompaniment for the violin, violoncello, and harmonium (*ad lib.*) is an important addition to this song, which is published in A and in C.—Showy and dramatic is "Margarita," a scena for a tenor, words by Dr. G. Krause, music by Fred. J. Harper.—Two songs of the romantic school are "I am Dreaming," written and composed by F. E. Weatherly and Sidney Gay; and "Wake Love, Awake!" words by Arthur Chapman, music by Alfred Redhead.—A pleasing song for the drawing-room is "The Silver Sea," words by F. E. Weatherly, music by C. P. Pinski.—Of two songs, written and composed by G. C. Bingham and H. Trötter, we much prefer "Marching," which is tuneful and spirited, to "Changeless," which is of a commonplace and weak type.—Six songs well suited for popular concerts and readings are: "The Pilot's Daughter" and "Love Lane," both words and music by Michael Watson; "Love-Locks," words by "Nemo," music by Henry Pontet; "Where are You Going to, My Pretty Maid?" which, by the way, is a "humorous vocal duet," music by Seymour Smith; an additional verse to the original poem brings the tale to satisfactory conclusion; "Advice Gratis" is a merry little ditty by G. C. Bingham and Joseph Spawforth; the same may be said of "Wooing by Proxy," written and composed by Frederic Mullen.—By the above composer are: "The Cavalier's March," for the pianoforte; "The Harlequinade Polka," and "Rêve de Ma Vie Valse," all three very good specimens of their school.—"The Gladiola Schottische," by Percy Lester, is bright and danceable.—"Wayside Flowers" is the collective title of twelve easy progressive pieces for the pianoforte, by L. Williams, which will please young beginners on account of their brevity, tunefulness, and pretty individual titles.—Very pretty and dance-provoking are "Nimmermehr Walzer" ("Never More"), by Oscar Seydel; "Merry Morris Dance," a rural sketch for the pianoforte, by L. Williams; and "Marche Japonaise," by Clarence C. Corri, light and taking pieces for after-dinner performance.

MESSRS. A. HAMMOND AND CO.—Foremost amongst the neatly and well-got-up music-albums of the day, is "The Academic Edition of Pianoforte Music," of which we have two examples before us. No. IX. contains six "Pensées Musicales," by Ch. Neustedt, refined and musically compositions which may be learnt by heart with advantage to player and audience. No. XII. is "Carl Bohm's Album," which is equally meritorious with the above, and may be cordially recommended to teachers of the pianoforte.—Two unpretentious and pleasing pianoforte pieces for the drawing-room, by Alfred Sergeant, are "Souvenir d'Autrefois" and "Loin du Pays."—A charming "Andante Cantabile in F" and a Rhapsody entitled "Zephyrs," by John Cheshire, are worthy of this clever composer.—Bright and inspiring as it should be, is a pianoforte piece by Gustav Lange, entitled "The Huntsman" (*Der Jäger*).—"The Jolly Coppersmith Polka" is arranged by Henry Tinney on the celebrated March of that name.—"White Heather Waltzes," by Millicent Temple, and "Bright-Eyed Norah Waltzes," by E. H. Prout, are very fair specimens of dance music.

RECENT POETRY AND VERSE

NEVER, probably, since the days when "Geraldine" aroused the righteous wrath of Christopher North has a more ambitious literary attempt been made than by Mr. John Philipps Emslie, the author of "New Canterbury Tales" (Griffith and Farran), and it may be added that seldom has the result shown less justification for the undertaking of the scheme. He must be a bold man who would propose to himself to complete, or add to, the unfinished work of Chaucer in any case, and at least he should be a master of rhythm, which cannot be predicated of Mr. Emslie, and should have vivid dramatic and descriptive powers—qualities which are, also, lacking; however, there is, perhaps, less reason for surprise since it would seem that the author admires Dryden and Pope's wretched perversions. We find him in Watling Street, where he meets an unpleasant person, equally demagogue and bore, who styles himself a "Progressionist," but, luckily, we are not troubled with much of this worthy's company. To them enter the original band of Canterbury pilgrims, and the party is soon joined by an antiquary, his spinster sister, and

a working man, upon which the business of the day begins. Will it be believed that Mr. Emslie attempts to rewrite the Squire's Tale? He does not, it is true, attempt to complete it, escaping from the difficulty by promising to relate the rest some other time—a threat which it is sincerely to be hoped may not be carried out. After an interlude the antiquary takes up his parable, and finishes "Christabel!" We thought Mr. Martin Tupper had done his worst in that direction, but this is wondrous. Roland de Vaux dies in battle, leaving a son Richard who falls in love with Christabel, marries her, and lives happily, whilst Geraldine, after setting her cap at one or two men, half decides to mend her ways, but changes her mind in the most inconsequent fashion, and vanishes in a Druidic circle. The old maid then obliges with a namby-pamby tale of rustic courtship; the working man—who subscribed, we suppose, to a mechanics' institute—gives a most barren account of John of Leyden and the Anabaptists; whilst the Ploughman succeeds in quite ruining the old Midland Counties legend of the Roll-right Stones. By the bye, the author has definitely fixed the date of the original "Ploughman's Tale." He concludes with a rather wandering discourse on love, shortly after which his companions take themselves off,—and we are not surprised. The tone of the whole is essentially nineteenth-century, not to say vulgar; fancy the Squire talking about a "dado!" We cannot congratulate Mr. Emslie on his work.

Mr. John Frederick Rowbotham, author of "The Death of Roland: an Epic Poem" (Trübner), has invented a new metre as the vehicle for his romance. This he is pleased to call "an octometer catalectic," and says that it "has never before been employed in the English language." We can only add that we sincerely hope it never will be again. It is the most unreadable thing we ever met with, not even excepting Walt Whitman. The following lines are a fair sample of the whole:

Now there was silence throughout the valley, about the space of half-an-hour;
Not, not a sound was heard, save only should haply every now and then
Some solitary peewit whimper in lonely flight about the vale.

The mistake seems to have been an attempt to regulate English verse by classical feet.



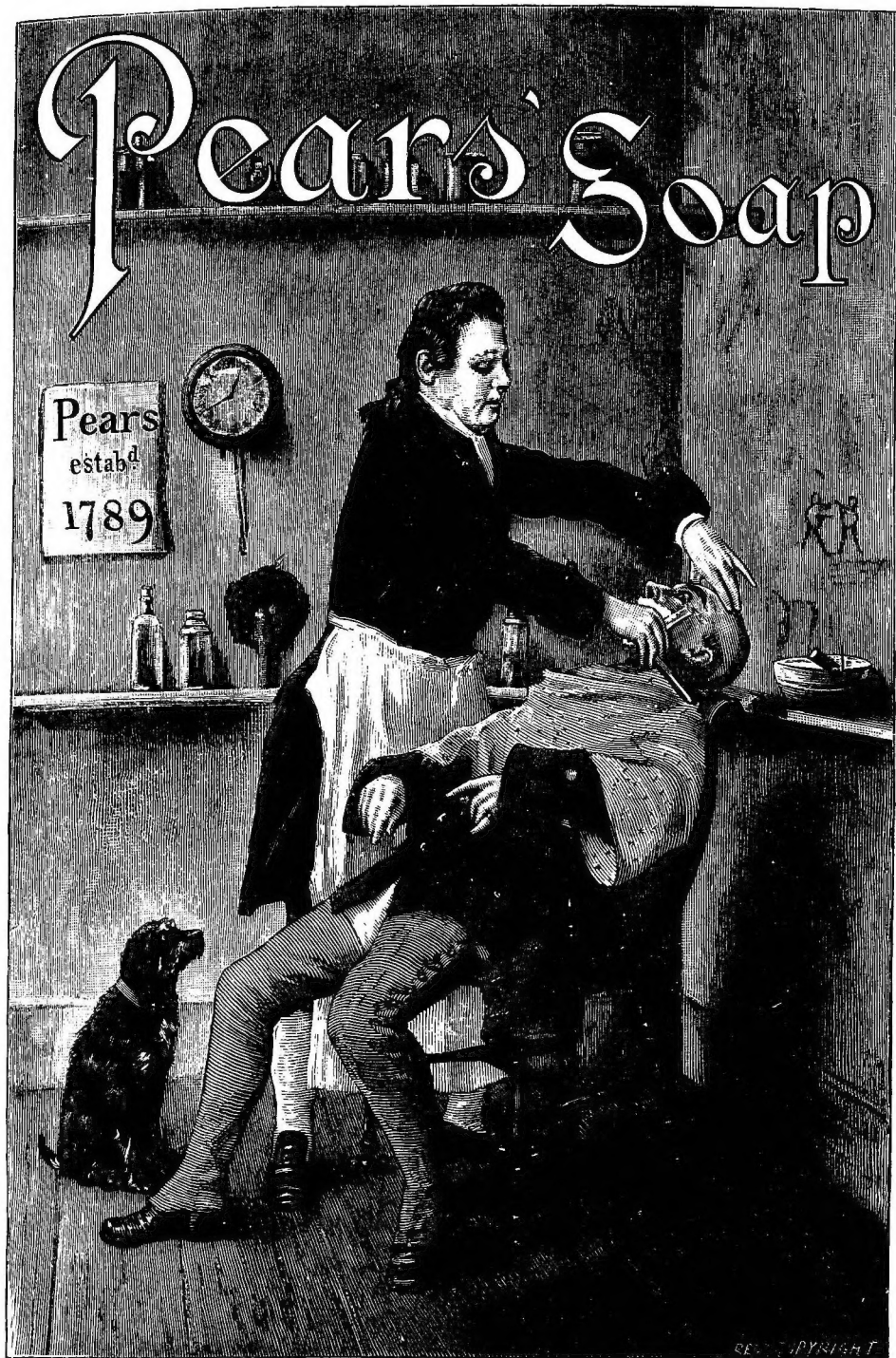
"BENEDICTUS," by the author of "Estelle" (2 vols.: George Bell and Sons), is an able exposition of Jewish life in its thoughtful and introspective aspects, written in a somewhat romantic form. A certain gentleness and kindness of tone put the reader from the outset *en rapport* not only with the various characters, but with the anonymous authoress herself, who inspires them. There is one unfortunate thing about the book—it is a continuation of a former novel, and presupposes an acquaintance with the characters of "Estelle." This is an assumption that should never be made except by an author whose characters have become household words—and with all her merits the authoress of "Estelle" is not yet in that position. Of story, "Benedictus" contains very little indeed. Its interest and its attractiveness consist in its studies of character, and in its studies of poverty, of a certain sort, as it is. It is essentially a Jewish novel, and all things are seen from a Jewish point of view, which, as here taken, is a very admirable and sympathetic one. Some of the characters are unconventional and striking; on their account alone the work is very decidedly above the average. At the same time it is rather upon what they say and feel, and upon what the authoress says through them, than upon anything they do, that the charm of the book depends. That may be partly because a knowledge of their previous history is required in order to know them properly. As it is, the effect is somewhat that of a bouquet of cut flowers, deprived of their roots, and, therefore, of their vitality and continuing freshness.

"One That Wins: the Story of a Holiday in Italy," by the author of "Whom Nature Leadeth" (2 vols.: T. Fisher Unwin), is a novel conspicuously above the average. It is to a great extent a "one-part" story, to use the stage phrase, the central interest attaching to a close, subtle, and exhaustive study of a woman of unbridled impulse, capable of almost any wickedness, and yet with curious and unexpected capacities for good, which finally struggle to the surface. Of course such a study is not altogether new in its main outlines, and yet we cannot call to mind a character in fiction who has any essential resemblance to *Cenone*. While thoroughly life-like, she is distinctly original, and the peculiarity of her fascination extends itself over the reader so as to be fully comprehended. She finds her contrast, and finally her good angel, in a young wife whom purity and unselfishness give simple and unconscious wisdom. The *dénouement*, in which the right obtains the victory over passion, is dramatic in the best sense of the word. Nor is the novel without the relief of humour; and the two old maids, Miss Goblin and Miss Emmett, are as skilfully portrayed, in their subordinate way, as *Cenone* in hers. Altogether, "One That Wins" is a novel that cannot be read without remaining, to the reader's advantage, upon the memory.

"Ireland's Dream," "dedicated, without permission, to Mr. Gladstone" (2 vols.: Swan Sonnenschein and Co.), is intended by Captain E. D. Lyon, its author—as both title and dedication suggest—for a picture of what will happen in Ireland in case of Separation. It is well to say at once that Captain Lyon's dream, or rather nightmare, leaves the legend of the Kilkenny cats nowhere. It is very rarely that prophetic fiction can be of much political value, because it is obvious that the prophets have an open field, and it is just as easy to dream on one side as the other. Moreover, Captain Lyon's vision would have been more effective had his carnage and outrage been less wholesale. None the less, so intelligent as well as so exceedingly earnest a writer makes plenty of telling points, and it cannot be said that, with the recollection of recent Sessions at Westminster still fresh, his Parliament on College Green goes far, if at all, into the regions of caricature. Nor is the waking from "Ireland's Dream" wholly satisfactory, from his point of view. Ireland, indeed, weary of civil massacre, will be re-incorporated with the United Kingdom, to the renewal of her prosperity; but at the next General Election the old agitation is to revive, and a Government's weakness is again to prove the Repealer's opportunity. For the non-political reader the novel may have some interest, as containing a profusion of romantic episodes, and an extraordinary number of pretty and charming girls.

"Can it be True?" by Francis Henry Cliffe (2 vols.: Remington), is the sensational title of a story which will scarcely succeed in startling the feeblest of nerves. It is true that the manners and customs of Mr. Berners' pupils are astonishing in their way, considering that they are supposed to be young gentlemen, but Mr. Cliffe can hardly refer to this matter, as he seems to consider it perfectly normal. Out only reason for answering his question in the negative is that we cannot bring ourselves to believe in his characters; otherwise, the story is as commonplace as possible, even down to the usual suicides at the usual Monte Carlo.

"The Jacksons of Jackgate," by "Elma" (1 vol.: Remington), is described as a Cumberland story, and has some local flavour. Of merits or demerits there is little to say, seeing that it is otherwise colourless. The chief fault is "Elma's" propensity for calling attention to her own personality, since the novel is not autobiographical in form. We assume it not to be her fault that the provincial love-making she describes is somewhat unrefined. Her local touches, as of carol singing, and so forth, have a certain interest of their own.



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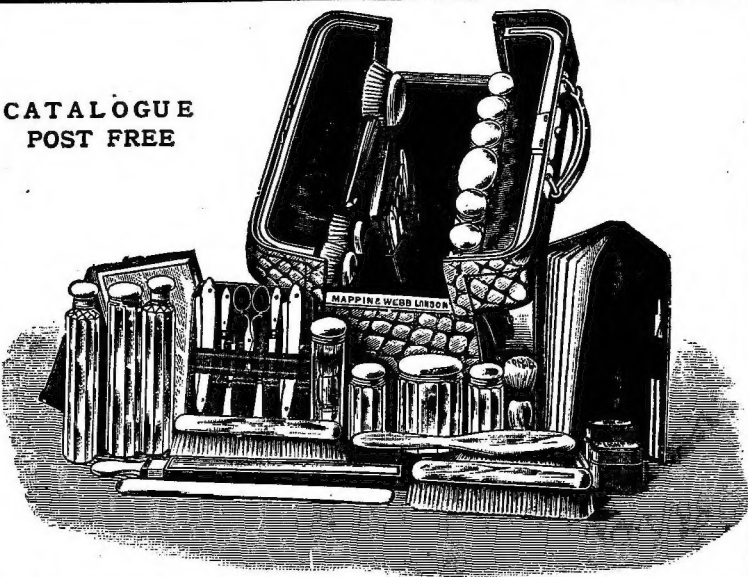
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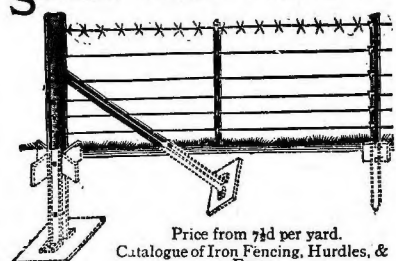
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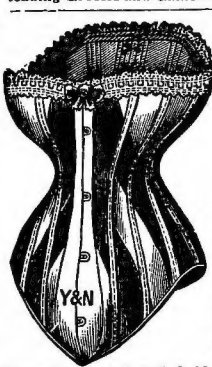
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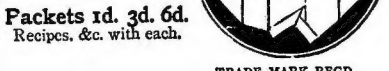
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